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ARTHUR'S

HOME MAGAZINE:

EDITED BY

T. S. ARTHUR

AND

MISS VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

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VOL. XVII.  
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January to June.

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VOL. XVII.

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Home Magazine for 1861.

We ask a moment's attention from subscribers and friends, to the coming year. Heretofore we have endeavored to make the literary portion of our magazine, as it should be in all magazines, the most attractive portion; to hold our readers by the magnetism of mind upon mind, and while we thus held them strongly interested, to give moral power as well as intellectual pleasure. In a still higher degree shall we aim to impart this quality to the "Home Magazine." Additional literary aid, of the right character, will be secured during the year, and the editors will, as heretofore, be in constant communication with readers, giving them the best products of their minds. The publishers do not, they believe, claim for the Home Magazine anything but what its constant readers will admit, when they say that it is more pecuniarily adapted to serve good ends in American families, than any other similar work. If this be so, then may they not ask from all who feel in any degree an unselfish interest in the welfare of neighbors, to use such influence as may be readily exercised in its commendation and introduction. There is scarcely a family in the land in which one or more periodicals are not taken, and some of these carry with them, it is deeply to be regretted, an unhealthy or demoralizing influence. If you cannot displace this bad reading at once, you may, by inducing a subscription to the Home Magazine, do much to counteract its effects, and lead to the formation of a taste that will prompt, naturally, its rejection.

Think of this, and help us in our work. Do not fail in a prompt renewal of your own subscriptions, and,

at the same time, get as many to bear you company as possible. If you know a family where just such a magazine as ours is needed, and you have influence, say a word in its favor; say, not a word only, but a dozen, if required. You may thus benefit your neighbor largely, at the cost of only a light effort to yourself.

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THE MORNING BATH.

THE MORNING BATH.







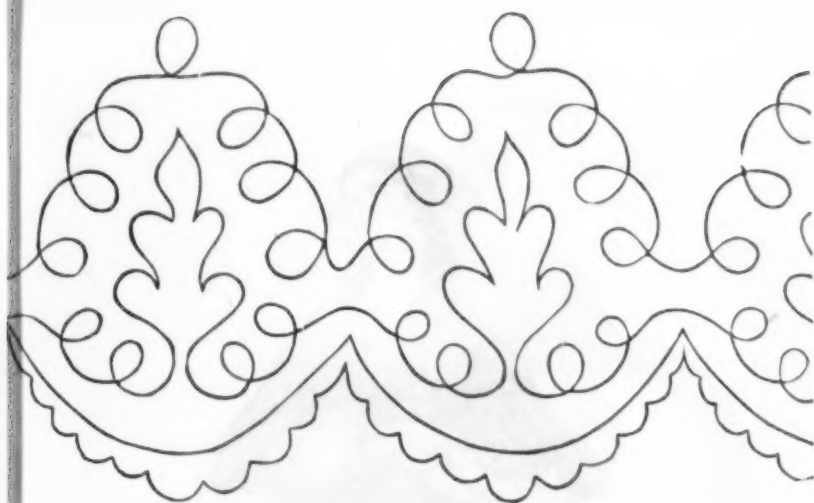
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ARTHUR'S
Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1861.

Carrying Home the Sheaves.

BY EMMA PASSMORE.

List, oh, list to the reapers,
This quiet summer eve,
Gathering in the harvest—
Binding up the sheaves.
List to the rush of the sickle,
Cutting the golden grain,
Sinewy hands, and hardy,
Wield them not in vain.
Deep in the valley the sunset
Glow on the whispering leaves,
Shines on the dark browed maidens
Carrying home the sheaves.

Kissed by the breeze and sunshine,
Loved by the flowers and birds,
Heart, in whose wild recesses
Beautiful dreams are stirred,
Stands the fairest of reapers,
Red lips slightly apart,
Gushes of plaintive music
Flow from her o'ercharged heart;
Sings she, "Oh, life is dreary
Here on these summer eves;
I grow so weary, weary,
Carrying home these sheaves.

"Thoughts which are bright, yet painful,
Struggle within my breast,
Life is both sweet and baneful,
I am not like the rest.
Would I could word my longings,
Sunder this weary chain,
Fly from this quiet valley,
And these sheaves of golden grain.

Life is so very dreary,
Here on these summer eves;
I grow so weary, weary,
Carrying home these sheaves.

"For the whirring rush of the sickle
Quivering through my brain,
Stirs up a world of fancies
Never to sleep again.
I dream of courts and castles,
Gateways of gold and pearl,
And laurel wreaths proudly resting,
On the brow of the peasant girl.
Life is so very dreary,
Here on these summer eves;
I grow so weary, weary,
Carrying home these sheaves."

Maiden, thou art not lonely,
Many like thee there are;
Stifling their aspirations,
Still with their souls at war.
All through this life's great harvest
Wander a sorrowing train,
Knowing full well their mission,
Yet wearing a clogging chain.
Many the hearts that are crying,
This pleasant summer eve—
"Oh, I am weary, weary,
Carrying home these sheaves!"

Maiden, we all are reapers—
Workers through this great life;
Let us not then be sleepers,
But on to the spirit's strife!

God hears our cry, my sister,
He will gather the ripened grain
Up in his broad heav'n-garners,
Where life shall be free from pain.
Wait, with no thought of sadness,
Till on some heavenly eve,
Come we with songs of gladness,
Carrying home our sheaves.

My Jewels.

BY MABEL ST. CLAIR.

'Tis only a little hill-side home
That shelter my jewels beneath its roof,
Where, in afternoons, the sunbeams come
Brightly in through the flowery woof,
Of tangled vines o'er the lattice bars,
And settle down like a spray of stars.

I'd another home in my girlish days,
Fairer, I ween, than this pen can tell:
Bright curtains of crimson shut out the blaze
Of the sun, when its arrows too fiercely fell
'Gainst velvet carpet and statnette,
And picture, bound in gold and jet.

I had jewels, too; I had rubies bright,
And pearl, and coral—all these and more;
And diamonds rare, whose changing light
Flashed out from the circlet of gems I wore.
Oh! my jeweled robe had no lack of stars
To dazzle my train of worshippers.

But when one came, who said that he
Had only the wealth of his love for gems,
And asked if that were enough for me,
I felt it were better than diadems.
Pearls and diamonds—I left all these
In that other home beyond the seas.

And now, when night with her finger shakes
Down tangled moonbeams and sprays of dew,
A brighter light in this cottage wakes
Than this weak pen can tell to you:
For then he comes, who went at morn
To wield the axe and bind the corn.

And they come, too, those little feet,
That have wandered among the hill-side flowers;
We hear the patter soft and sweet
That always comes with the twilight hours.
Two shadows fall on the oaken floor,
These are my jewels—I ask no more.

Sometimes a darker hand than mine
Puts back my curls; and he says to me,
"Does my little wood-bird never pine
For her palace-home beyond the sea,
And for her plumage of long ago?"
But every pulse of my heart says "No."
Spring Hill, Fulton Co., Ohio.

Ninette Campbell's Dream.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

It was the first cool autumn day. The air was just chill enough to make a fire grateful, and Mrs. Campbell, in bright faced morning-gown and showy collar, was flitting about the room, looping up the curtains, arranging the ornaments on the mantel, and making everything look as neat as possible. She was rather a handsome woman, with a coquetish way; and her lingering glance, every time she passed the mirror, told plainly that her bright eyes and rounded cheeks were not repulsive in the least to her sight. Her broad forehead, and a look about her mouth, told a close observer that there was stamina enough in her character, if she had been placed in circumstances to develop it, to have made her a noble woman; but, so far in life, it had frittered away on trifles, till the curls on her brow seemed an emblem of herself, light, superficial, graceful, appealing to the frothy surface in each companion she met; not going down deep into the soul, to meet the sharp abrasion of hard, pure gems, that break up the surface of contacting minds, and bring to outer sight the beautiful kaleidoscope of thought God has placed in the hidden intricacies of the soul.

"Oh! what a superb dress! One, two, three—yes, eight flounces, and each one pinked with fawn-colored ribbon; such a delicate contrast!" ejaculated Mrs. Campbell, as she stepped around into the shade of the curtain, and took a long stealthy gaze at the passing lady. "I suppose she thinks she is the best dressed woman in the place; and I don't believe anything calls her out this morning, unless it is to parade her clothes—but she does not look well in flounces, any way, and I would not not have her coarse blowzy hair for all her finery;" and Mrs. Campbell, with rather an unpleasant look on her fair face, twisted her own glossy curls around her finger, and, taking up her sewing, seated herself by the cheerful grate.

The quiet, unbroken hour, and pleasant surroundings of her room, lost their charm, as she turned over and over again in her mind, what a similar dress would cost, and a fall hat even prettier than the envied lady's. That their rent would soon be due, and the children needed warm winter garments, and her husband could not go through the cold weather again without an overcoat, would rise up before her, and jar with her own ambitious desires, and the collision was far from pleasant; but she had been indulged too long to deny her-

self now, and she quieted conscience by promising to economize in other things, and waited impatiently for her husband's return at night, to make new demands upon his earnings. It seemed rather an unpropitious hour, for Mr. Campbell came in depressed, almost into silence, by the unexpected cold day, that seemed but the harbinger of the unprofitable but expensive winter; and little Ida's merry play, and cheerful prattle about the school, could hardly awaken an answering smile. But Mrs. Campbell was politic, and she waited for the depression to pass away with the nice toast, cake, and exhilarating tea; and when her husband was arrayed in comfortable dressing-gown and slippers, she sat down by his side, and brushing the hair back from his temples, with a caressing motion, she made known her wants.

If Mr. Campbell had any weakness, it was pride in his wife's beauty; and as her bright sparkling eyes turned to his, and the soft glossy curls tossed down over her white temples to the roses on her cheeks, and the full red lips parted with an expectant smile, his hand involuntarily closed over his pocket-book, ready to give her the contents.

"Home!" How that word thrilled him, as it shot into his mind unheralded, and apparently without any connection, and changed the whole current of his thoughts. Before him rose a pretty cottage, with two bay windows in front, and a trellised porch over the door covered with vines, a dozen trees, and a grassy lawn in front, and a little garden bright with flowers by the side—Ida and Frank chasing each other down the gravel walk—and he and Ninette watching them from the open, sightly window! It had been the haunting dream of his life since he first saw Ninette; and as the years rolled on, and it grew more and more like an airy phantom that he could not grasp, yet tantalizing him with the sight—and he began to dread it, as we do the memory of angry, taunting words, that rattle in the heart, ever bringing emotions of pain.

"But, Nina, when shall we have a home, if we lay out all our earnings in dress?" The words came up spontaneously from the thought, as the plant sends out the flower.

"Oh, sometime; we can rent awhile yet; let me have these clothes, and I will not ask for any more for a long time, and I will save in something else. Those blankets for the children's beds—we can go without them this winter!"

"No, wife, I had rather spare my overcoat. Health demands warm, yet light and porous

bedclothes for children; and if I cannot give them wealth, or even a home, I will try to leave them a heritage of strength." This was said in such a sad, desponding tone, that it almost angered Mrs. Campbell, and she flung out with a pout, something about his always harping on a home; and, for her part, she did not see why he could not be contented in a rented house!

"Because I want to set out plants, and watch them grow, and fruit-trees and grapes, and feel that they are mine. Now, if I do anything, I know it is for some one else, and I have no heart to fix up at all. You don't know how bad it made me feel, when I came around by Charley Racine's this noon, and saw the new blinds on the house, and a nice walk down to the gate. His wages and mine are alike, and we were married the same month; and now he owns his place, and a hundred dollars over, in the Saving's Bank."

"Well, I would not go so unfashionably dressed for ten lots; and, as for society, I wonder who thinks anything of them! They never made a party since I knew them, and I do not believe they have been invited out once!"

"You are mistaken there, Nina, for Judge Lofton's boy left a note for him yesterday, when we were in the office together; and to my wondering what the Judge could want of him, he said they were invited there to tea to-morrow. There has been strong talk of running him as candidate for County Auditor, I believe. People feel more confidence in a man who owns a home—think there is some stability about him. I am sure my education is as good as his, and you know Mr. Greer ranks me higher in business matters; but School Committee man is the only office I ever filled, or expect to fill."

"I was sure it was something about Racine, that gave you the blues to-night. I wish we could move where we might never see his place or face again. He has a case of books, and so some folks think they are intellectual, and make something of them; but you know the Racines are not popular in the best society! Why, only last week, I heard Mrs. McGregor say that Mrs. Racine was a pretty enough woman, if she was not so unfashionable; but who wanted their parlors filled with an outlandish dress two years behind the times. To my knowledge, she has had but two silks since she was married."

"Do you call Mrs. McGregor best society?"

"Well, everybody goes there."

God hears our cry, my sister,
 He will gather the ripened grain
 Up in his broad heav'n-garners,
 Where life shall be free from pain.
 Wait, with no thought of sadness,
 Till on some heavenly eve,
 Come we with songs of gladness,
 Carrying home our sheaves.

My Jewels.

BY MABEL ST. CLAIR.

'Tis only a little hill-side home
 That shelters my jewels beneath its roof,
 Where, in afternoons, the sunbeams come
 Brightly in through the flowery woof,
 Of tangled vines o'er the lattice bars,
 And settle down like a spray of stars.

I'd another home in my girlish days,
 Fairer, I ween, than this pen can tell:
 Bright curtains of crimson shut out the blaze
 Of the sun, when its arrows too fiercely fell
 'Gainst velvet carpet and statuette,
 And picture, bound in gold and jet.

I had jewels, too; I had rubies bright,
 And pearl, and coral—all these and more;
 And diamonds rare, whose changing light
 Flashed out from the circlet of gems I wore.
 Oh! my jeweled robe had no lack of stars
 To dazzle my train of worshippers.

But when one came, who said that he
 Had only the wealth of his love for gems,
 And asked if that were enough for me,
 I felt it were better than diadems.
 Pearls and diamonds—I left all these
 In that other home beyond the seas.

And now, when night with her finger shakes
 Down tangled moonbeams and sprays of dew,
 A brighter light in this cottage wakes
 Than this weak pen can tell to you:
 For then *he* comes, who went at morn
 To wield the axe and bind the corn.

And they come, too, those little feet,
 That have wandered among the hill-side flowers;
 We hear the patter soft and sweet
 That always comes with the twilight hours.
 Two shadows fall on the oaken floor,
 These are my jewels—I ask no more.

Sometimes a darker hand than mine
 Puts back my curls; and he says to me,
 "Does my little wood-bird never pine
 For her palace-home beyond the sea,
 And for her plumage of long ago?"
 But every pulse of my heart says "No."
Spring Hill, Fulton Co., Ohio.

Ninette Campbell's Dream.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

It was the first cool autumn day. The air was just chill enough to make a fire grateful, and Mrs. Campbell, in bright faced morning-gown and showy collar, was flitting about the room, looping up the curtains, arranging the ornaments on the mantel, and making everything look as neat as possible. She was rather a handsome woman, with a coquetish way; and her lingering glance, every time she passed the mirror, told plainly that her bright eyes and rounded cheeks were not repulsive in the least to her sight. Her broad forehead, and a look about her mouth, told a close observer that there was stamina enough in her character, if she had been placed in circumstances to develop it, to have made her a noble woman; but, so far in life, it had frittered away on trifles, till the curls on her brow seemed an emblem of herself, light, superficial, graceful, appealing to the frothy surface in each companion she met; not going down deep into the soul, to meet the sharp abrasion of hard, pure gems, that break up the surface of contacting minds, and bring to outer sight the beautiful kaleidoscope of thought God has placed in the hidden intricacies of the soul.

"Oh! what a superb dress! One, two, three—yes, eight flounces, and each one pinked with fawn-colored ribbon; such a delicate contrast!" ejaculated Mrs. Campbell, as she stepped around into the shade of the curtain, and took a long stealthy gaze at the passing lady. "I suppose she thinks she is the best dressed woman in the place; and I don't believe anything calls her out this morning, unless it is to parade her clothes—but she does not look well in flounces, any way, and I would not not have her coarse blowzy hair for all her finery;" and Mrs. Campbell, with rather an unpleasant look on her fair face, twisted her own glossy curls around her finger, and, taking up her sewing, seated herself by the cheerful grate.

The quiet, unbroken hour, and pleasant surroundings of her room, lost their charm, as she turned over and over again in her mind, what a similar dress would cost, and a fall hat even prettier than the envied lady's. That their rent would soon be due, and the children needed warm winter garments, and her husband could not go through the cold weather again without an overcoat, would rise up before her, and jar with her own ambitious desires, and the collision was far from pleasant; but she had been indulged too long to deny her-

self now, and she quieted conscience by promising to economize in other things, and waited impatiently for her husband's return at night, to make new demands upon his earnings. It seemed rather an unpropitious hour, for Mr. Campbell came in depressed, almost into silence, by the unexpected cold day, that seemed but the harbinger of the unprofitable but expensive winter; and little Ida's merry play, and cheerful prattle about the school, could hardly awaken an answering smile. But Mrs. Campbell was politic, and she waited for the depression to pass away with the nice toast, cake, and exhilarating tea; and when her husband was arrayed in comfortable dressing-gown and slippers, she sat down by his side, and brushing the hair back from his temples, with a caressing motion, she made known her wants.

If Mr. Campbell had any weakness, it was pride in his wife's beauty; and as her bright sparkling eyes turned to his, and the soft glossy curls tossed down over her white temples to the roses on her cheeks, and the full red lips parted with an expectant smile, his hand involuntarily closed over his pocket-book, ready to give her the contents.

"Home!" How that word thrilled him, as it shot into his mind unheralded, and apparently without any connection, and changed the whole current of his thoughts. Before him rose a pretty cottage, with two bay windows in front, and a trellised porch over the door covered with vines, a dozen trees, and a grassy lawn in front, and a little garden bright with flowers by the side—Ida and Frank chasing each other down the gravel walk—and he and Ninette watching them from the open, sightly window! It had been the haunting dream of his life since he first saw Ninette; and as the years rolled on, and it grew more and more like an airy phantom that he could not grasp, yet tantalizing him with the sight—and he began to dread it, as we do the memory of angry, taunting words, that rattle in the heart, ever bringing emotions of pain.

"But, Nina, when shall we have a home, if we lay out all our earnings in dress?" The words came up spontaneously from the thought, as the plant sends out the flower.

"Oh, sometime; we can rent awhile yet; let me have these clothes, and I will not ask for any more for a long time, and I will save in something else. Those blankets for the children's beds—we can go without them this winter!"

"No, wife, I had rather spare my overcoat. Health demands warm, yet light and porous

bedclothes for children; and if I cannot give them wealth, or even a home, I will try to leave them a heritage of strength." This was said in such a sad, desponding tone, that it almost angered Mrs. Campbell, and she flung out with a pout, something about his always harping on a home; and, for her part, she did not see why he could not be contented in a rented house!

"Because I want to set out plants, and watch them grow, and fruit-trees and grapes, and feel that they are mine. Now, if I do anything, I know it is for some one else, and I have no heart to fix up at all. You don't know how bad it made me feel, when I came around by Charley Racine's this noon, and saw the new blinds on the house, and a nice walk down to the gate. His wages and mine are alike, and we were married the same month; and now he owns his place, and a hundred dollars over, in the Saving's Bank."

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"Do you call Mrs. McGreger best society?"

"Well, everybody goes there."

"Not everybody. The Fremonts, and De-verges, and Judge Lofton."

"Oh dear! They are so very select, that they would have to inspect a baby to see whether he had a mind, before they could caress him. I wonder they don't import earth from the untrodden north-pole to walk on, so as not to step where common folks do."

"Nina, who was kindest to me, when I had that long sickness last fall? But it is no use to talk; we can never see alike—so here is half the money I have in the world—take it, and do as you please with it. I will shut the grate, for it is past ten now, and I must be up betimes in the morning, to mark that invoice of new goods."

Dreams—those phantasmagoria of the brain, that with startling vividness sometimes rise before the mind's eye, and change the whole current of one's being—came to Mrs. Campbell, as she closed her eyes in sleep, and the restless movements, moans and sobs, would have interpreted them to an observer as far from pleasant. She thought she was journeying in an emigrant's wagon over a boundless prairie, with the hot sun striking through the scanty cloth protection with scorching heat, Ida and Frank on the hard board seat by her side, with fevered brows and parched lips, crying for water, while her husband with head bowed down and weary step, as if all hope was dead in his heart, plodded slowly along by the side of his team. From a black stagnant pool by the wayside, the children quenched their thirst, but she turned with tears from the sickening draught, and thought of the cool bubbling spring that flowed on summer and winter over the mossy stones, close by the home they had left. At last a hut appeared in the distance; but the sun was low in the west, ere they reached it, and darkness shut around them in that desolate spot, with the sharp bark of the dogs startling them, and the wind rattling the loose roof, as if it would scatter it like down to the earth. A cold supper was hastily prepared on a board, from fragments of food they brought with them, and as her husband came in from hampering his team for the night, he fell heavily to the floor. Her frail arms could not lift him, and all she could do was to place some pillows under his head, and try to restore him from the death-like swoon. She knew, ere night, that he was far from well, by the flush on his face, and a paleness around his mouth, but it never entered her mind that his strong form could become so helpless, and she wrung her hands over him, and cried aloud

in anguish of spirit. After an hour or so he moaned, and threw his arms about restlessly, then started up, and stared wildly about the room, and with a mocking laugh of delirium tried to mimic the sharp bark of the dogs, mixed up with screams that blanched the cheek of his poor wife. Then his voice would sink, and he would tell about his cottage-home, where the water plashed over the mossy stones, and the vines shut out the hot sun from the cool, airy rooms, and with a finger on his lip he would whisper that they would have been there now, if Nina would only have helped him, but, she was so pretty, he could not say "No"—and it all went, every dollar, but she must not know it—it would make her cry, and he had rather go hungry than see her cry. Then another mood would come over him, and his eyes would glare upon her, and he would bid her begone; she had driven him where he could not get a drop of water, when he was dying with thirst—yes, dying with thirst. Oh, he could not die! "Water"—he would shriek—one drop of water to save his life!

The great drops of perspiration stood on Mrs. Campbell's brow, as she started wildly from the pillow, and glanced about the room. The moonlight, calm and pleasant, lay on the carpet in long silver lines, and the soft muslin curtain floated up and down in the slight current of air from the open window, like a white mist, beating time to an unsounded symphony of peace. Could it all be a fearful dream?—A warning, it seemed to her, she said, again and again, as she lay awake till the dull gray light of morning, too excited to sleep, and felt with quickened nerves the thorns she had uncovered in her husband's pathway. All his great love and self-sacrificing indulgence stood out plain before her, as if on the pages of a book; and, as her eyes brimmed over with grateful tears, her lips worded the resolve that her future life should be one whole act, that should deserve his love. Such tears, and the lines of firmness as she said it, around her mouth, gave hope that it was planted in soil that would keep it from being uprooted by any temptation.

It had been the practice of Mr. Campbell to hand over to his wife each quarter, a regular share of the stipend he received, for her exclusive use and control; and she thought it all over, and formed her plans, ere she finished her morning's work. She would take the thirty dollars given her the night before, and hoard it up, then add to it such a part as she could spare from her allowance, and never call on

him for an extra dollar, except in some extreme case; and she was certain, by the time he had saved enough to purchase a lot, she could surprise him with a handsome sum toward a house, and "trust woman's tact" to keep him from suspecting the joyful truth.

Three years passed on, and they glided along smoothly with Mr. Campbell and family. Each one had enjoyed a good measure of health, and the head of it had not lost one whole working-day in that time. Mrs. Campbell's plans succeeded admirably; it is true, she had had a few battles with wounded pride and vanity, and, to be frank, some tears were shed over remodeling a velvet hat—for she had turned milliner, for the third winter—instead of purchasing the genteel and becoming one she had been tempted to try on at Marchond's, and wearing her dull sombre silks, when bright rainbow hues were all the rage, and exactly suited her fair ruddy complexion. But, she had resolutely turned from all, except mere necessities, and laid the bright dollars, which she exchanged each bill for, in a hidden drawer in her cabinet.

It was fall again, and that quiet hour when the children have said "good night," and laid their little chubby arms and ringleted heads upon the pillow, and the glowing brands fall apart and smoulder down into dull embers, and husband and wife, free from all fears of intrusion, choose the cosiest nook on the sofa, and consult, sympathize, and counsel with each other on all the minutia—so prosy to others—but so interesting to themselves.

"Nina, that was a true report. Hurdy and Brother have failed, and this place must be sold before Christmas. We have rented it, come next spring, six years, and it seems as if I could not leave it;" and a little quivering about the mouth and a long sigh, told how quick, if he was a woman, it would end in downright sobs. The old caressing motion was there again. Passing her hand over the curls on his temples, Mrs. Campbell asked: "What price do they set on it, husband?"

"Fifteen hundred. I have reckoned up what is due me, interest and all, on every bit of spare paper that came to my hand to-day, and it just amounts to eight hundred and twenty-five dollars. Sometimes I have been tempted to take it and get trusted the balance, but I durst not do it—for if I could not meet the payments, it is sold so that the purchaser would lose all he had paid; and if we should be sick, Nina, we might sink every dollar. It is not likely that we shall be prospered as we have been two or three years

back; and though I know my salary is higher, yet it is a perfect puzzle how we ever laid up so much."

"If you had twelve hundred, would you run the risk?"

"Before nine o'clock; but, where are you going, wife, in such a hurry? Did you hear Frank cry?"

There came no answer, as through the hall, up the stairs, and to the little hidden drawer that contained her treasures, Mrs. Campbell passed with almost flying step!

"There, husband, it is all yours;" and she threw down the bright spangled purse, crammed full as it could be, in his lap, and sinking down on the sofa beside him, burst into hysterical sobs.

"Nina, where did you get this?" and the dilated eyes expressed the all-absorbing wonder.

"Saved it for you, for a home, out of my allowance," came at last, intelligibly, from the choked utterance.

"My precious wife!" was all the spoken reply; but the glittering eyelashes, and the convulsed pressure of the clasping arm, was more eloquent than words.

"Just three hundred!—twelve hundred and twenty-five!" were the words mixed in with the light cheerful chink of the coin, after they had both become more calm, and counted it out on the table in little piles of fifties. "You will go right over to-night, and secure it."

"Yes; the agent wished me to call, when he returned in the half past eight train; but, how could you spare so much, and be comfortable?"

"Oh, I can hardly tell! I laid by twenty-five dollars a quarter; and you know costly collars, ribbons and trimmings, with a shawl and silk dress, used to soon absorb more than that sum. Then I shaped over my old bonnets, and fitted all my garments, except now and then a basque, and planned a thousand ways. But, there come the cars; don't forget, and stay out late."

And she closed the door after her husband, glad to be all alone, and try to sound the great depth of happiness which flooded her soul.

Berea, Ohio.

MAN is but a rough pebble without the attrition received from contact with the gentler sex. It is wonderful how the ladies pumice a man down into smoothness, which occasions him to roll over and over with the rest of his species, jostling, but not wounding, his neighbors, as the waves of circumstances bring him into collision with them.

The Seen and the Unseen.

"THERE is a double life with every man—the seen and the unseen."

Thus spoke the stranger, while I listened wonderingly.

"And two forms as well as two lives, for there can be no life without a form of life. Two bodies—the one seen, and the other unseen."

"Two bodies?"

"Yes. In the words of Paul, there *is* a natural body, and there *is* a spiritual body. Many read this as if *will* be were in the place of *is*, when the spiritual body is spoken of; but Paul meant that no such construction should be placed on his language. He spoke of the *unseen* body, without which the *seen* body could have no existence."

"Your meaning is veiled," said I.

"Not veiled," answered the stranger; "you see the truth obscurely, because your vision is dim. Scales shut out the true light. Let me remove them. Does your eye see?"

"If not, how do I perceive forms and colors?"

"That beautiful organ of flesh and blood, called the eye—I mean that natural orb so wonderful in its construction—does that see objects around you? or is it only a kind of window, through which the unseen, or true spiritual eye, looks forth upon the world of nature. Think! Is it possible for mere matter to have the power of sight?"

"Not unorganized matter," I replied.

"Unorganized! And what is organized matter? It is a material form in which is a principle of life, and the form is determined by the character of the animating principle. Without the unseen, the seen would be inert and dead. Your eye is an organized form, because there is an unseen principle of life—in other words, an unseen eye—within, giving it the power of natural vision. This is as true of the ear and its uses as it is of the eye; of the brain as of the ear; of the heart and lungs as of the brain; and, still further, as true of the whole body as of a single member. Thus, there is an unseen as well as seen body; and the former is equally susceptible of impressions with the latter—nay, more susceptible, because it is more highly organized."

"Organized?"

"Yes, spiritually organized."

"You startle me. If this be true, what wonderful things are involved!"

"We are fearfully and wonderfully made," returned the stranger, in a solemn voice.

"This is divine language, and has a divine and spiritual meaning. Yes; wonderful things are involved. If we have this spiritual body, then we have an inner as well as an outer life. And do not all admit this vaguely?"

"There is an inner life," I said.

"If an inner life, then an inner form of life."

"And that form, as you say, must take impressions."

"Yes, and retain them."

"Not so tenaciously as this outward, physical form."

"More tenaciously," said the stranger.

"This I do not clearly perceive. A form so sublimated, so ethereal, so unsubstantial, must almost instantly overcome impressions."

"It is not an unsubstantial, but a truly substantial form," was answered. "There is material substance and spiritual substance; the latter is an abiding substance, but the former is ever changing. Think! Upon which does an impression remain the longer—upon your body or your mind?"

"Upon my mind."

"If it were not a substance, could it receive and retain impressions?"

I was silent. The words of the stranger were so full of meaning that I was oppressed by their signification. A window seemed opening upon the unseen world; but, as yet, no objects were plainly visible.

"Look around you," said the stranger. "There is the dull, cold, lifeless earth. Seeds have been cast into its bosom. Now, by what are they vivified? And by what power does each send up, after its kind, its leaf and stalk? From whence is this wonderful and perfect discrimination? It is from the unseen and spiritual world flowing from its infinitely variant principles of life into forms of matter presented in seeds. In germs lie the points of influx; and each, after its kind, receives life from the unseen world. And as the law of like producing like is an invariable law, it follows that, in order to the production of a particular plant or tree in the seen world, there must be a like plant or tree in the unseen world, from which it exists, as an effect flowing from its cause."

"Trees and plants in the other world!" I shook my head doubtfully. "That is a mere spiritual world."

"Will you have a world without the objects that make up a world?" asked the stranger.

"A spiritual world will have spiritual objects."

"Oh, spiritual!"

"Your ideas of the spiritual," said the stranger, "are still dark and obscure. But this is no cause of wonder. Here, all is brought to the test of our sensuous perceptions; and it is hard to rise above these and withdraw our thoughts from them so as to think abstractedly. But do not reject as false what you cannot understand when first presented. You need not, you should not, receive as true what comes not to your mind with sufficient evidence. But to negative a proposition because the mind does not rise at once into its comprehension is not the act of a wise man. Hold your mind ever in the affirmative principle; but admit nothing as truth which is not clearly seen. Prove all things; and, in doing so, bear in mind this wise saying—there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

We separated—I and the stranger. But I could not forget his strange language.

"Two lives!" said I, as I sat musing alone in the still watches of the night that followed. "Two lives and two forms of life—an outer and an inner life; the seen and the unseen. Two bodies; a natural and a spiritual body; each substantial, and capable of receiving and retaining impressions. How full of meaning is all this! How much does it involve! And can it be true?"

The longer I pondered the subject, the more truth seemed involved in the proposition. It was plain to me that the unseen body, the spiritual man, must be as complete in every part as the natural body, which was but as its outer garment, or, rather, its means of action in the lower and less perfect world of matter.

"And if all this be so," said I, one thought evolving another, "how wonderful in perfection must that body be, organized, as it is, of spiritual substances; and how perfectly must that spiritual countenance express the passions and emotions of the soul! Ah! how different will all be when we come to lay aside this body of flesh and blood—this mass of inertia, now infilled with the life of the spirit, which it is ever bearing down, and whose powers it is ever limiting! In that unseen world, there will be no veil of matter to hide the moral quality. All eyes will see us in our true character, in our true spiritual forms."

I paused. The last words uttered were the plane for a new influx of ideas.

"What is a spiritual form?" I asked myself. I pondered long.

"What is spiritual?"

I mused still further.

"It is thought and affection. A spiritual form, then, is a form of affection; or, in other words, an affection clothed in its proper thought; for it is by thought that affection comes into manifest perception, and shows us its quality. Can this be so? How much, undreamed of before, is involved! Will evil affections give a beautiful form?" "No!" was my involuntary answer.

My thoughts turned toward a beautiful young lady whom I had met during the day, who was greatly admired for her personal charms. In form and face she was almost faultless. I now remembered that, in conversing, she had exhibited a feeling of malice toward another; and had also displayed a large share of vanity.

"The seen body is beautiful," said I, still musing; but, is it so with the unseen body? Can an evil affection clothe itself in a form of loveliness?"

I pondered this question until there came a great change. I was no longer in my chamber, musing upon different questions, but among a company of people who sat in the porch of a large building, the architecture of which was more perfect than anything I had ever beheld. Before us spread out a beautiful landscape.

"This is a new country to me," said I to one who was near me; and, as I spoke, I tried to recollect the way by which I had come.

"What is its name?"

"This is the World of Spirits," replied the person to whom I had addressed the inquiry.

"The World of Spirits!" A thrill went through me. Was I then dead?

"Not dead," said my companion, who perceived my thoughts, "but truly alive. You have laid aside the body of flesh, and arisen in the true spiritual body."

"But these are flesh!" said I, holding up my hands; "I can touch one against the other. Moreover, I can touch your body, and it is firm, like my own."

"And yet all is spiritual," was replied. "Your body and my body, and the bodies of all around us, are spiritual in their substance. Our senses likewise are spiritual. What made us men on earth? Our flesh and blood? Mere dead matter? Far from it. We were men, because we were spiritually organized, and, in the human form, made after the likeness and in the image of God. Does the laying aside of the natural body make us less men—less human? No! And can we be men, without having bodily form and senses?"

As he spoke, there approached one whom I had known in the world, and who had departed thence a year before. She had many questions to ask about friends she had left behind, all of which I answered. As she left me, after a time, I turned to the one with whom I had spoken, and said to him—

"How is this? In the other life this person had a beautiful body; but now she is deformed and repulsive."

"It is because her affections are evil, and not good," replied my companion. "In this world, all are seen according to their quality. Good affections give beautiful forms, and evil affections repulsive forms."

My thoughts instantly turned toward one who, while living in the world, had a sickly and deformed body, but who had a pure and loving spirit, and whose chief delight appeared to be to do good; and, as I thought of her, I saw her approaching. She drew near, and joined the company. Oh, what a change! The bent body was straight and graceful, and the severe angles of her suffering countenance had given place to a surpassing beauty. My heart was touched with admiring wonder, as I looked upon her.

Another whom I had known appeared. He was a man who, while living in the world, had been covetous, and who yet loved a good reputation, and, therefore, concealed his real character under assumed forms of benevolence and liberality. While in the natural body he was fair of person, but now there was a hideousness about his countenance, that made me turn from him with a shudder; and I understood the quality of his life from the form and expression of his person and face, as clearly as if "covetousness" had been written upon his forehead.

"This man was of goodly appearance in the world," said I, turning to my companion.

"His seen body was fair to look upon," was replied; "but his evil affections were daily and slowly destroying, in the unseen body, every trace of beauty. Come with me, and I will show you some of those who have become so changed from the human form, through evil lives, as to appear more like beasts than men."

My companion took me to a valley, before concealed from view by a dense forest, through which led a winding path. In this valley were companies of men and women, engaged in various pursuits that seemed to occupy their earnest attention.

"Look from this point," said my companion,

as we gained a little eminence, "and you will see them in their true forms."

I looked for a moment, and then turned away, sick with the sight.

"What did you see?" asked my companion.

"Men and women so changed, as to appear more like evil and filthy beasts, than forms of human intelligence."

"As you see them, so are they. While in the natural body, many of them had beautiful forms, for which they were loved and admired. But, in their life in the world, they marred the form and features of their spiritual bodies by evil and beastly affections. One had the cunning of the fox; another the cruelty of the wolf; and another the filthy sensuality of the swine. All this was hid from the natural sight—it was the unseen. But the veil of flesh is removed, and what was unseen has become the seen. They are now before you in the forms that correspond to their true affections.

"Oh, if men knew this!" I exclaimed.

"Return and give utterance to the truth. Publish what your eyes have seen and your ears heard."

"But they will not believe," said I.

"Tell it, nevertheless."

At this moment, I saw approaching one whom I had loved with an affection more intense than that of a brother, and whose loss I had mourned with unavailing sorrow. She had observed me, and was hurrying forward. As she came near, I perceived that she was no longer beautiful as before. Every fair feature was distorted, and there was an expression of evil in her countenance, that shocked me like an electric current. Oh, she was hideous! I turned to flee; but she threw her arms around me, and uttered words of endearment; and her voice, instead of being flute-like in its tones, croaked like the voice of the raven. In sorrow I awoke.

Long did I lie pondering the strange vision. "Dreams are, for the most part, fantastic," said I; "but they often come in similitudes of truth. There is truth veiled here; I feel it, I know it. An evil life *must* distort the features of our inner man, and change them from beauty to deformity. We know that the mind receives impressions, and retains them. Warp the mind in childhood, and it ever after retains the displeasing form, which is ever manifesting itself by means of the outer body. If we could see, by a spiritual vision, this mind or inner body itself, we would see the distortion as plainly as we perceive an unsightly crook in a favorite tree."

And if all this be so, and who will make bold

to deny it?—each one of us is, day after day, either marring and deforming the unseen body, or rendering it more beautiful. Every evil and selfish affection, every unholy passion, every indulgence in wrong feelings or actions, deforms the spirit; while every good and generous emotion, and every act that springs from a purified and all-embracing love of our neighbor, is rendering it more and more beautiful, and, if continued to the end of life, the unseen body, when it rises into the light of the spiritual world, will appear lovely as the form of an angel.

Reader, lay this up in your heart, and ponder well the words of the stranger. They are not idle sounds, like the tones of the passing wind.

Nothing but Money.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAP. I.

"WHAT is the price?"

The speaker was a young woman with a small basket on her arm, in which was a steak, a bunch of asparagus, and half-a-dozen eggs. She had lifted a rose geranium from the stand of a market gardener, and stood looking at its pink and white blossoms with admiring eyes.

"Twenty-five cents," replied the man.

The words seemed to make the flower-pot heavier, for the hand that held it went down suddenly, like a scale, on receiving additional weight, and the geranium took its place among the verbenas, pansies, calceolaries, phlox and petunias, on the flower-stand.

A shade of disappointment fell over the young woman's face.

"Take it for twenty," said the gardener.

There was only a silent shake of the head, as the young woman turned away.

"Fifteen!"

She lifted the flower again, pressed a leaf between her fingers, and inhaled its fragrance. That sweet impression on her sense was the concluding argument. The geranium was hers.

Let us observe this young woman a little more closely, as she moves homeward with a light step, carrying her market-basket in one hand, and her flower in the other. Her face is pretty and girlish. Round, blossom-tinted cheeks, fresh and pure; soft blue eyes, full of nestling loves, and bright with hopes that look, sweetly confident, onward toward the coming years. Her dress is of pink and white

calico, made plain in the body, and fitting her form closely. The skirt has no trimming, and is short, displaying a small foot and ankle. The foot is covered with a morocco slipper, and black ribbons are crossed on the instep, and tied around the ankle. A light blue ribbon binds her slender waist, two long ends falling at the side, and fluttering in the fresh June air, as she goes tripping on her homeward way. A cottage straw, simply trimmed with a band of puffed ribbon, throws her face into half shadow, and gives it a softer beauty. She is twenty—no more.

There is nothing striking or unusual in the appearance of this young person; and yet, as she passed along, one and another turn and glance back for a second observation. There may be two reasons—the harmony and good taste manifest in her plain attire, or the calm sweetness of her fair young countenance. Thus far, life has been to her a pleasant experience. But this need not be told—you see it at a glance.

Not far away from the market-house stands a small brick dwelling, two stories high. It is new, with a white front door, and green venetian shutters at the windows of both stories. The street door opens into a little parlor. We will take an inventory of the furniture. On the floor is a red and green ingrain carpet, and six drab-colored Windsor chairs look at each other from the opposite walls. A small mahogany table; a narrow mantel glass, flanked by two tall lamps; brass andirons and fender, with shovel and tongs; and a pair of conch shells in the fire-place—complete the attire of this first and best room. Next to it is the breakfast and sitting-room. On the floor of this is a rag carpet, woven in red, yellow, green, and white stripes. A small pine table, stained red, standing in the centre of the room, is covered with a snowy tablecloth, and set with breakfast-things for two. Four Windsor chairs, a mahogany work-stand, a pair of broad-bottomed brass candlesticks on the mantel-piece, and a few unimportant trifles, complete the furniture of this apartment. Opening from this room is a small kitchen; above are two chambers, and above these, two attics.

The dwelling and its furniture are humble. We have the abode of a young married couple, beginning the world, according to their means, in the most unambitious manner. The rent of this house is one hundred and fifty dollars a year; the entire cost of the furniture three hundred. Enough had been laid up by the

young husband to pay for the furnishing, and still have two or three hundred in reserve.

It is early morning, not much beyond six, in June, and Adam Guy sits by the window awaiting his wife's return from Lexington market. Her small, soft hands are to prepare his breakfast, for they have, as yet, no domestic. As he sits by the window, we will take his portrait. Age about twenty-five; the firm, thin lips, slightly falling brow, cold, calculating eyes, plainly indicating some years since his departure from light-hearted youth. Our young husband is a man in all that appertains to an earnest life-purpose. He has already measured himself with the world, and girded up his loins for battle.

We cannot say that we like the expression of his face, as he sits by the window waiting for his young wife's return. It is in repose, and expresses some habitual state of mind, or, to speak more accurately, the quality of some habitual state. His eyes, half closed, are looking forward upon life—not observant of anything external. There is something hard—we may wrong him to say cruel—in his inflexible mouth. If it was even a little sensual and voluptuous, we might like it better. How very cold his face is! Perhaps the dark complexion may have something to do with this appearance. We cannot say; but it is very cold and calm. The blood seems never to have found its way there, giving a rich warmth to cheek and brow. All is of the same hue, from forehead to chin. We wonder if it lights up when feeling is at play?

Yes, for it has lighted up suddenly, and all that looked repellant has fled. He has started from the window and is at the door, where his young wife is standing.

"Are you not late, dear?"

He draws his watch and glances at the time. Ah! that sudden smile which looked so sweet around his mouth is fading quickly.

"What time is it?"

Do you see the brightness toneing down on her face, as her eyes dwell on his countenance.

"Half past six; and you know I must be at business by a little after seven."

His eyes fall upon the geranium.

"Isn't it sweet?"

The young wife plucks a fragrant leaf and hands it to her husband. He does not smell of it, but tears it to pieces in an absent way.

"It is half past six, remember, Lydia."

He could think only of the business that awaited him.

She goes past him with her face heightened

in color. She has felt more than we have perceived. The coldness has struck downward with a chill.

In fifteen minutes, during which time Adam Guy has walked the floor across parlor and breakfast-room with unceasing tread, the meal is served. It consists of coffee, bread and butter, and boiled eggs. The geranium is on the work-stand, and its fragrance has filled the room.

"Isn't it sweet?" The wife has poured her husband a cup of coffee, and he is busy with his eggs and bread and butter. "And it cost only fifteen cents. The man asked a quarter."

The young husband turned his eyes upon the flowers.

"How much for that thing, did you say?"

"Fifteen cents."

"Umph! What else did you buy?"

"A steak, half-a-dozen eggs, and a bunch of asparagus."

"What did they cost?"

"Let me see—twenty-five, seven, and ten—forty-two cents."

"And the flower fifteen?"

"Yes."

"So your flower cost nearly half as much as your dinner."

Adam Guy shakes his head after a very sober fashion.

"But that's the way of the world, my dear," he adds, in a moralizing strain, and with more of severity than kindness in his tone. "Ornament, beauty, and superfluity are permitted to consume half of almost every man's substance. People would get along easily enough with their necessities. It is the burden of superfluous things that makes so many stooping shoulders. Now, we must be wiser than all this, Lydia. We must not let outside glitter and show bewilder us. There's no use in that flower, which has cost as much as three loaves of bread, or your half-dozen eggs and bunch of asparagus."

Tears are in Lydia's eyes, but her husband does not observe them; her appetite is gone, but he fails to notice the fact. His thought rests in the importance of making her feel that only life's necessities are to be regarded—that money is a thing of too much importance in the world to be wasted on trifles.

"Money is a great power, Lydia," he goes on. "If we have money at command, and to fall back upon, we can be independent of everything and everybody. But, if we waste our money, instead of keeping it for use, we will be the slaves of every changing circumstance."

Money is a reality, and abides. If you lay it up you have a well-grounded assurance of finding it all safe in the time of need. But your pretty flowers wither up and die, or, living, are a care, and useless. I have made it a rule, for years, not to buy anything that I did not really need. Some men can't keep a dollar to save their lives. They not only spend foolishly all they receive, but their covetous eyes lead them into debt for things that are wholly useless. Such men you find always in trouble. They complain about not being able to get along in the world, and never seem to comprehend the fact that the fault lies at their own door."

"Flowers are not useless things, Adam. God made them."

There is a pleading tone in the low, tender voice of Lydia Guy, as she looks across the table at her husband.

"And he made the rivers also; but that is no reason why we should turn them from their courses, and let them sweep in destruction through our dwellings," is triumphantly answered.

"There is no harm in flowers. They destroy nothing. But, on the contrary, restore to the mind much that is lost in our jarring life-experiences. They are God's messengers of love to our hearts."

"All poetry, Lydia! All poetry! Your flower, there, has destroyed fifteen cents—a thing actually demonstrable. Three loaves of bread would have given us blood and muscle for work in the world. But that poor trifle! Pah! It is useless."

Lydia is neither strong-willed, nor given to contention. She does not, therefore, urge her view of the case, but sighs, and remains silent. Adam Guy talks on, having the argument all his own way, and rises, at length, from the breakfast-table with the air of a man who has settled a favorite position beyond all controversy.

"Throw your geranium out of the window, dear," half laughing, half in earnest, as he kisses his wife at parting. "It has already brought you more trouble than it is worth, five times over."

CHAPTER II.

It was beyond the reach of Adam Guy's imagination to picture his young wife sitting tearful, or in sad, half dreamy abstraction, for an hour after he went away, and all for what he had said about a useless flower. Would his

thought have grown tender toward her, if he had known the truth? Would he have chided himself, for letting so small a matter come in to mar the happiness of a young heart that was beating so true to love and him? No. His thought would have grown sterner, and he would have approved to himself all the coldly-wise sentiments which had been spoken. He would have felt angry toward the flower, which he had only despised as worthless.

Yet, so it was with Lydia. She had a true woman's sensitive appreciation of all things beautiful in nature. From a child, she had been a lover of the earth's bright and beautiful children, the flowers. They spoke to her in a language not understood by grosser natures; and, in their presence, she felt like one lifted into some purer sphere. To hear the flowers contemned by lips, whose words had come so often in music to her ears—from lips to which her ear must bend and listen in all her after-life—ah, that was no light thing! We do not wonder at her tears.

Then, there seemed to her such a hard, cold, calculating vein, in what her husband had said—a spirit not seen before—an intense worldliness—a bowing down to the worship of the lowest and most external things—and an elevation of money as the greatest good. Suddenly, there had come to her a new revelation of his character—not that he had never spoken of economy and prudence—of the repression of vagrant desires, and the folly of waste. These were his favorite themes; and, as he had usually presented them, her thought approved. She would have liked a little more of the ornamental in her household—a few things of beauty for the eye to dwell upon. But, her husband was poor, and, in conforming to his circumstances, she felt a sweet pleasure.

Now, a veil had dropped from her eyes, and she saw him in a clearer light. She had thought him earnest and absorbed in business—ambitious to make his way in the world—prudent, calculating, strong-willed, and resolute to do his part in life efficiently. But, she had not understood him as he now appeared in her eyes—a worshiper of mammon, and a despiser of even beauty, if it could not be an offering on this shrine.

When Lydia Guy took up the day's burden of duties again, it felt heavier than before. Her voice did not break out into snatches of song, as her hands busied themselves amid household cares; nor did her feet bear her about with their usual springy tread. A shadow had fallen on the distant landscape;

she could not see in it the beauty once so delightful to gaze upon; its odors did not steal in waves of sweetness on her sense—it had caught a shade of dreariness. Alas, for the young heart, when brightness fades from its sunny future! The life of Lydia Guy was opening into a new experience.

She had, after arousing herself from the depression of mind occasioned by her husband's fuller revelation of himself, cleared off the breakfast table, and sat her house in order. An hour or two for needlework came in at this part of the day, and Lydia was sitting by her little table, when a visitor made her appearance in the person of a young married friend. Warm and tender was the greeting that passed between them; for they were heart-companions.

The visitor's name was Lena Hoffland. Her husband was a young physician, who had just opened an office, and like the husband of Lydia had all the world before him, in which to sow and reap. The two young men were standing in life at about equal advantage, so far as worldly goods were concerned. Less than a thousand dollars covered the full amount of Guy's possessions, at the time of his marriage; and Hoffland's means exceeded this by only a few hundreds of dollars. One difference existed, which will be regarded as in favor of Guy; he had earned and saved his seven or eight hundred dollars, while the twelve hundred on which Dr. Hoffland ventured out into the world, was the remnant of a small legacy on which he had depended while studying his profession. Guy's was an accumulating, Hoffland's a diminishing fund. And there was still another difference—Guy had no tastes to gratify; no artificial wants; no expensive weaknesses. A silver dollar, in his eyes was more beautiful than a picture, a vase, or a jewel, or any other thing desirable only on the score of ornament. He cared nothing for music, and the beauty and sweetness of nature made no strong appeals to his inner consciousness. But Dr. Hoffland had an acute perception of the beautiful, and tastes, that, if indulged to their full extent, would have drawn largely upon the amplest fortune. On money he set no value except as a means of procuring what mind and body required in the world. Applying the metaphysician's distinction—he looked at gold subjectively, rather than objectively.

The young men had been acquainted from boyhood. Their parents were neighbors, and they had attended school together. One, of choice, entered a store, and the other, of

choice, became a student of medicine. At this point in their lives there was a divergence in feeling as well as in pursuits. Guy did not lack mind; he had as clear and strong an intellect as Hoffland, and in any profession would have been his peer—stood above him, perhaps. His choice of a mercantile life came from no peculiar fondness or fitness for the pursuit, but simply from a money consideration of the case. He saw through trade, the surest road to wealth, and took that road in consequence.

So much, briefly, of the two men and their antecedents. The reader has already comprehended them. They are types of two great classes, to both of which the world owes much. They do not seem of much account in their day of humble obscurity. Their spheres of life are narrow, their places in the world unnoted, their influence scarcely perceived. Strong men, men of gold, men of intellect, if from any cause their eyes happen to fall upon them, hold them in light consideration. They see not an oak's great promise in the acorn's tender shoot, nor dream of the imperial river as they step, without a thought of its limpid waters, over the slender rivulet.

The wives of these young men had been early friends, also. But their tastes were more nearly accordant. Yet Lydia was not so clear-seeing, nor so strong-willed as Lena; else she would never have given her hand to Adam Guy. Lena would have penetrated deeper into his character; would have comprehended his quality better—and she would have had the decision of mind to turn from him resolutely, when he approached as a lover.

A flood of light made radiant the face of Lydia Guy as her young friend entered. Their lips met in a heart-warm kiss; their arms went fondly twining about necks and waists. Lena held a small bunch of choice flowers in her hands.

"They are for you, dear," she said, after the kisses had been given, and words of love exchanged.

"Oh! how sweet! Thank you, Lena!" and Lydia received the offering, gazing on it with eyes that felt and drank in the beauty that held them.

"The Doctor bought me a lovely bouquet as he passed through the market this morning, and I have divided it for my friend," said Lena.

"It was so kind in you!"

As Lydia said this, she turned her face partly aside. A thought came in, to mar the pleasure of the moment; to steal away the

fragrance that was breathing upon her lips. Almost involuntarily, her eyes wandered to the geranium that stood, yet, upon her work-stand. Lena's husband had made her a gift of flowers; but Adam Guy had blamed her for buying a single blossoming plant, with which to beautify her home.

"They are very sweet," she added, as she commenced examining the flowers that made up the cluster in her hand. "How the odor of this mignonette takes me back along the way of girlhood; and I see the woods and fields again, by the magic of sweet briar and myrtle. What a delicate tint is in this rose! And this bud! Oh! is it not exquisite? White, crimson, soft fading pink, purple, and golden. What a power there is in beauty, Lena! In color and grace of form united. They speak to some inner sense, and that sense responds in thrills of pleasure."

As she ceased, a faint sigh came fluttering through her lips.

"Ah," she continued, "if the useful and the beautiful in life were more closely united. But the hard, stern, plodding useful, persistently separates itself from the beautiful, or spurns and tramples it under foot.

"It is for us to unite them," said Lena. "The Doctor and I were talking of that very thing this morning."

"Beauty is costly," remarked Lydia, "and we are poor."

There was a shade of depression in her voice.

"And cheap, also," answered Lena. "A flower is not costly, and yet, in nature, there is no other form of such exquisite grace and delicate proportion; and all the riches of color are added; and all the sweetness of perfume. If taste is genuine—if our love of beauty is, indeed, a passion of the soul—then may we find perpetual enjoyments, even though our lot in life be poor and humble. A true lover of art may enjoy a statue or a picture far more than the owner. Speaking on this very subject, the Doctor remarked a day or two ago, that the love of possessing works of art, was inferior to the love of art; and that therefore, the man of true taste, though unblest by fortune, might enter into higher pleasures than those to whom wealth brought every desire of the eye. If I look at the picture in a rich man's gallery, and carry it away in my thought, am I not its owner in the highest sense? Fire cannot burn it up; misfortune cannot bear it away; no accident can mar its fair proportions. It hangs in the gallery of my soul, among other precious things, and the

outside world has no power over it. It is mine, though his ownership cease; mine, though the paint and canvas are borne away to the antipodes."

"You are growing into a philosopher," said Lydia, smiling.

"Yes, thanks to my good husband. He is helping me to get up higher, so to speak; to breathe in a purer mental region; to see things in their best relations. We are poor, you know, but the Doctor says, that we may be as happy in our poverty, as the rich in their riches; nay happier, for we are free from the temptations of the rich. The lesson we have to learn, is that which teaches a moderation of desire. Wants must be few, and not too often told. We must cultivate a love of the beautiful, rather than a love of possession; and learn to see beauty with an interior vision."

Ah, how different all that from the uttered sentiment of Lydia's husband! He looked only to possession—to wealth as the best gift the world had to bestow. Beauty, in comparison to gold, was nothing. He spurned it as unlovely! The contrast, now so strongly presented, almost saddened the heart of Lydia.

"You are not as bright as usual," said her friend.

Lydia smiled, and tried to look happy. But the light did not linger, sweetly radiant in her countenance. It faded out slowly.

"How is the Doctor succeeding?" asked Lydia, changing the subject.

"As well as might be expected," was the reply. "He has been called to one or two good families, and if he should be liked, their influence will be of great use to him."

"Will his income be sufficient for your expenses?" inquired Lydia.

"O dear, no! So far, his paying practice has not been at the rate of three hundred dollars a year."

"You say 'paying practice;' has he any other?"

"Yes, and a full share of it among the poor."

"Ah! Is that so? Does he attend the poor for nothing?"

"There is sickness among the extremely poor, as well as among others; and the physician cannot refuse to visit and help the sick because they have no money to recompense his service. We happen to have many very poor people in our neighborhood, and the Doctor is called in frequently. It is a Christian duty to attend them, and one from which he cannot hold back. They are God's patients, he says, and

he is so largely a debtor to God that he must take all opportunities for payment."

"They ought to recompense him in something, if it were ever so small," said Lydia. "How are you to live? The laborer is always worthy of his hire."

"The Doctor has still five hundred dollars on which to draw. This will carry us through a year; beyond that we trust in a good Providence."

"Not a very encouraging prospect."

"We push aside discouraging thoughts," was replied. "To-day is ours, and we try to get all the happiness from to-day that it has in store. This the Doctor calls life's true philosophy. I get a little nervous, sometimes; and look into the future in a spirit of doubt. What is the result? Doubt peoples the future with forms of evil, and my heart grows faint as I look at them. But, when I turn back to the present, I find myself surrounded with blessings; and I lift my heart in thankfulness. 'Only to-day is ours, Lena,' my husband will say, when I question about the time to come, 'only to-day is ours, to work in and enjoy. Let us do our work faithfully, and take the enjoyments, and God will see that our to-morrows are all right.' It does me good to hear him say this. He is such a consistent, right-hearted man, Lydia! His thought is so clear, that I see it always, when expressed, as the utterance of truth. It does not come into my heart to question what he says. But I am only talking of what interests me. How is Mr. Guy—and what are your prospects in the world? How is life looking in the far away future, to which the eyes will turn with asking glances?"

"My husband is not so easy in mind as yours," replied Lydia, "Though his present condition and future prospects look more promising. His salary has been raised to twelve hundred dollars, and it will not cost us over six or seven hundred to live at the outside. Then he confidently expects to receive an interest in the business of the firm where he is employed. Give him that position, he says, and he will, consider his fortune made—will, to use a favorite expression, 'snap his fingers in the world's face.'"

"I am glad to know that everything has such an encouraging aspect," answered Lena, with genuine pleasure. "You ought to be very happy."

Lydia sighed faintly, as her eyes drooped to the ground. That fair promise in the future, did not fill her desires. There were intui-

tions in her soul, that pictured something more, yet left a trembling fear of disappointment. This day was to be memorable in the history of her inner life, as one on which her mind awakened to a new consciousness touching her husband's character, and its want of harmony with her own. What Lena had just said of her husband, was as a foil bringing out to clearer perception the opposite characteristics of Adam Guy—and they were unlovely in her eyes. Not that he all at once revealed himself in his true aspect. Lydia had failed to read the signs aright. They puzzled her at times; and she often questioned as to a meaning beyond anything dreamed of in her estimate of the man to whom she had committed all things that were holiest and most sacred. But to-day the veil dropped from her eyes. That brief scene with the flowers was a revelation; and she stood no longer a questioner, or in doubt.

CHAPTER III.

Lydia did not feel more peaceful for this morning visit from her friend. Some things that Lena said, particularly about her husband, remained distinctly in her thoughts. The promise of this world was fairer for Adam and herself, than it was for Doctor Hoffman and his wife; but the promise for happiness was on the other side.

At dinner time, as Adam Guy and his wife sat at the table, on which their meal was laid, Lydia referred to the call she had received from her friend Lena.

"Playing the lady," said Adam, sententiously.

"How? What do you mean?" Lydia did not clearly understand her husband.

"Aping rich and fashionable people," replied Adam, "in morning calls, when she ought to be at home attending to her house, and aiding her husband. She keeps a servant, which will cost for hire, board and waste, not less than two hundred dollars in the year—more, I'll warrant you, than the Doctor's practice will yield him in that time. Now, I don't call any woman, who is so idle and extravagant, a good wife. Instead of helping her husband to succeed, she will help to keep his nose always on the grindstone. That is not like you, dear."

This last approving sentence, spoken in a gentler tone than he had used in condemning Lena, softened the shock of language that was felt as a harsh and unjust judgment.

"It is not as I am doing, Adam," she re-

turned. "But, all are not alike in this world, you know."

"And all do not come out alike. As we sow in this world, so will we reap, Lydia. Can thrift come of idleness, waste, and extravagance? Never! The Doctor and his wife are beginning wrong, and they will come out wrong—mark my word for it! Lena is just as able to do the light work of their household, as he is to meet the demands of his profession. Does he hire a man to make his pills and spread his plasters? I have no patience with women who commit such folly! Gadding about the street, and making morning calls! Pah! It nauseates me, this pretence of gentility. I thought better of Lena. Why, if you were to set up to play the lady after this fashion, Lydia, the house would soon be too hot to hold us. I wonder at the Doctor for submitting to such a state of things."

"It is all right in his eyes, I presume," said Lydia.

"Then, they're a couple of blind fools. That's the best I can say for them."

As the young man remarked this, his eyes lighted on the bouquet of flowers which Lena had brought for her friend, and which had been placed in a glass of water on the mantel-piece.

"Ha! More flowers! Where did they come from?"

"Lena gave them to me." The blood crimsoned over Lydia's face.

"Umph! Bought 'em, no doubt."

"The Doctor bought them for her, as he went through the market this morning."

"And she gave them away. Upon my word! she valued her husband's gift."

"She only divided it with me," replied Lydia. "I love flowers, and she wished to give me pleasure. It was kind and thoughtful in her."

Adam Guy shook his head, in marked disapproval.

"And so it was the Doctor who threw his money away? Well, they are a precious pair! I wonder where they expect to come out?"

"Right in the end," said Lydia.

"They will, when arithmetical laws change, and subtraction gives the result of addition—not before. But, the world is full of such people. Just look at it, for a moment. The Doctor has only three or four hundred dollars to come and go upon, outside of the returns from his practice. At the best, his practice will not give him over five hundred a year, on an average, for the next three years. Very well;

look at it, as I say. Look at it. House rent, two hundred; cost of a servant, two hundred more; table expenses, three hundred, at the lowest figure; clothing and outside expenses, two hundred and fifty; flowers, jewelry, pictures, gewgaws and other nonsense, two hundred more; in all, eleven hundred and fifty dollars! Run this through three years, and you have three thousand four hundred and fifty dollars. Now, let us see what the prospect is for meeting so large a sum. There is, we will say, four hundred to start with; and we will give six hundred a year for the Doctor's average income during the next three years, and that is a liberal estimate. Three times six hundred make eighteen hundred—add four hundred, and we have two thousand two hundred dollars of means against an expenditure of three thousand four hundred and fifty! Figures don't lie, my dear. At the end of three years the Doctor will be twelve hundred and fifty dollars in debt! Think of that!"

A troubled expression came into the fair young face of Lydia Guy, as she sat looking at her husband. She understood him perfectly, and saw, for the time, clearly with his arithmetical eyes. The promise was not a good one for her young friend. There was misfortune in the world for Lena, and the heart of Lydia was touched by it, in saddening anticipation.

"Debt!—yes debt, that curse of a man's life!" resumed Guy, almost bitterly, as if he felt the fiend's grip on his arm. "They will be overridden by debt, as surely as the breath is in them! Somebody's money beside their own will have to go for their waste and extravagance. Whose shall it be? Not mine, I can tell them. No, not a dollar of mine! Adam Guy's hard earnings and careful savings shall never go to sustain the pride, self-indulgence, and wasteful extravagance of such people. I'll burden nobody, and nobody shall burden me. I have the industry, patience, self-denial, and persistence needed for accumulation, and with it the nerve to keep what I gain. No man shall find in me a weak spirit of yielding. I can be iron and brass to importunity;—and I will."

There was a tone in her husband's voice, and an expression on his face, that made the blood flow back in a chill from Lydia's heart. She had never seen him in just the light he now presented himself.

"You haven't thrown that flower out of the window," he said, with more than half seriousness, a little while afterward, as they arose

from the table, and his eyes glanced toward the geranium which his wife had bought in the morning.

"No, nor have I any intention of doing so," replied Lydia. "That would be wantonly to destroy a thing of beauty."

"There's no use in it," said Guy.

"I'm not so sure of that. The sight of a flower refreshes my mind. If I am dull, a new life flows through my veins; if I am sad, a cheerful spirit awakes. Don't condemn the flowers, Adam; they have a mission for our hearts."

"And that mission is, to teach us how frail and perishing is all ornament—how valueless are flaunting color and mere exterior grace! We spend our substance for naught, when we spend it for these. That is the lesson the flowers teach us, Lydia, if they teach us anything."

He took up the flower-pot, as he closed the last sentence, and lifting it in his hand, said:

"Let me throw it from the window."

But Lydia sprang to his side, and catching his arm, cried—

"No!—no!—Don't do that!" in such earnest remonstrance, that he desisted from his purpose. She felt that her husband was going too far, and anger blended with the feelings that made her heart beat more violently, and sent the hot blood to her face. Ere the flush of anger died, she said, with a sharpness that stung him:

"Adam! You are stepping a little beyond your prerogative. If I care to have a flower, it is not for you to object."

"It is for me to object to foolish waste of money," he answered, in a cold, firm voice; "and I advertise you here, that I shall always do so."

And saying this, Adam Guy took up his hat, and left the house.

The day which had opened so unfavorably for their peace, gathered blackness as it advanced. Here was the first storm that had troubled their serene sky. Lydia stood, for some minutes, like one who had been stunned by a blow. Then she sat down—not in tears, but with a pale, abstracted face, and brows knit gloomily. Painfully the conviction forced itself upon her mind, that there had been a great error in her girlish estimate of Adam Guy's character; that she had comprehended him only in part. The morning's troubled questionings were taking the shape of distinct perceptions. She saw him as she had never seen him before, and felt herself removed, as

it were, to a distance from him. A sense of repulsion arose in her heart. The moral beauty, which had appeared as a fair garment clothing his spirit, seemed to fade and change into an unlovely investiture. If it was with him, as, from this new revelation of himself, it appeared to be, the sweet idea she had formed of a marriage union, would prove to her like the airy fabric of a vision. Their minds could never grow into each other, by the attraction of similar tastes, feelings, affections and principles—could never blend into harmonious oneness. All this and more, was seen and felt by Lydia, as she sat lost to external things for a long, long time, after the departure of her husband.

Lydia Guy was alone in the world, so far as near relatives were considered. Two years before her marriage, the death of her mother had left her without a home, or any means of support beyond the product of her own hands. From school, she passed to the work-room of a dress-maker, and in six months learned the art of constructing garments so skillfully, that she was able to support herself in independence. Not alone did her fair countenance, grace of form, sweetness of manner, and more than ordinary intelligence, attract the eyes and win the heart of Adam Guy. These would have allured him in vain, had there not appeared the more solid basis of thrift and industry. He saw that she would make a good wife, in another sense than is always considered; that she would work and save, and help him to grow rich. He did not find in her the nonsense, frivolity, and want of thought that displayed itself in so many of the young ladies who came under his observation; and he was especially pleased to note the fact, that she had acquired a better estimate of money than is ordinarily held by her sex. The necessity of earning before spending, had produced this result.

Before marriage, they had talked freely about their housekeeping arrangements. Lydia noted, that in his calculation of expenses, nothing was said about the hire or cost of keeping a servant in the beginning. As she felt well and strong, and really desired to join hands with her future husband, as a "help-meet for him," she saw no objection to this; she was willing, in the outset, to perform all the work of their little household. It could be a labor of love, and nothing else. She was used to being busy over some kind of work all the day long; and the thought of having a home of her own to work in, and one loved above

all others, to work for and make happy, was imagining to herself a paradise.

And so they had begun their housekeeping, as we have seen, Lydia doing all her own work; and, up to the day on which she is introduced to the reader, doing it cheerfully. But, from that day, a change came o'er the spirit of her dreams.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Evangeline.

BY MRS. ALMENA C. S. ALLARD.

SHE wore a crown of diamonds, rare—
On the shining folds of her satin hair,

And her crimson velvet train swept by,
Like a sunset cloud on the Autumn sky.

Costly lace, as a billow's swell,
With her heart's pulsations, rose and fell;

Her faintest smile was sought by all;
She was the heiress of Walnut Hall.

Scores of suitors knelt at her shrine;
Called her an "angel"—a "saint"—"divine;"

All save one, and his only dower
Was a mind, full-orbed in its God-like power;

He scorned defacing his spirit's worth,
And truth, for the glittering dross of earth;—

But loved the lady Evangeline,
For the light that shone from the soul within.

'Twas not to him the golden vase,
Which lent the flower its odor and grace;

He saw the spirit throned high,
And wearing a halo of purity;

He knew her soul, a hidden mine,
Where exhumed diamonds might flash and shine,

If skillful miners should strike the vein,
Where so long they had buried lain.

Buried by opulence, fashion, ease—
As pearls deep down in sleeping seas,

He concealed, till the storm-king's waves
Bring them shining, from out their graves.

Her high position, his lofty pride,
Kept him aloof from the lady's side;

He saw in silence her light afar,
As mortals turn to the evening star,

While others with wildly frenzied eye,
Vowed that for her they would gladly die.

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Misfortune's billows in wild array,
Her million of dollars swept away;

And those who had knelt low at her feet,
Now knew her not when they chanced to meet;

But he who had breathed unto her no vow,
Unfolded the scroll of his heart's love now;

For her spirit shone with a softer ray,
Since its tinsel mask had passed away;

And the changed Evangeline softly said—
Taking the gems from her queenly head,

"The gold I have lost has brought to me
A love which blooms through eternity."

McConnelleville.

Molly Simms.

BY ELIZABETH.

"I saw old Molly Simms at meeting to-day.
I didn't get near enough to speak to her, and I was glad of it, for I didn't want to ask her to come home with me. Such a looking thing as she is! She walked into church with all the sanctimony of a birthright saint; then her peaked face will put on such a horrid air of humility under her great shovel bonnet, and she——"

"Don't say any more, Cousin Mary; it may be there is a great deal of good in her heart which we fail to see through such a humble covering."

"Humble covering! I should think as much! The material she wears isn't fit to be seen in at home, much less in a congregation. That homespun gray looked as though it was woven in the loom of her great-grandmother; and the make of it! I should think she had spent all her life studying physiology to get such a fit. She evidently thinks compression the result of natural depravity."

"She has a long distance to come to meetings, and often makes a sacrifice in leaving her family; yet I have no doubt she feels that the encouragement she receives doubly pays her for all her trouble. Now, Mary, because she cannot wear a fine dress, and has not the 'faculty' of making her coarse one look tastefully, do you think she ought to deny herself the privilege of mingling with her friends in the house of prayer, and gaining the strength she obtains in this way?"

"Maybe not; but I haven't finished my description yet—my mind needs the relief it will get by going over it. Did you notice her

feet? What a nice fit over those delicate ankles! Cowhide shoes, and patched, at that! I wonder if she is troubled with corns. The width of her skirt laid in those great box plaits wasn't intended to hang over modern crinoline, and she takes the wise medium between bloomers and trailing skirts—just one hitch above the gambrel joint!"

"I know, Mary, she is homespun and plain, but grandmother always used to say she never saw a person of whom she couldn't learn something, and in entertaining her we may receive an angel unawares."

"I guess it would be unawares! Your plebeian preferences are always attracting about you such persons as Molly Simms, crazy Joe, and silly Jane. When I interest myself in people who don't know anything, they must look well, at least. 'If the inside of the cup is clean, the outside will be clean also.'"

"Ah, my cousin," Anna replied, "I fear I do not interest myself as much as I ought in these despised ones. I often feel a repulsion which holds me back from much good I might do them; and then it is only when I reflect that they are the children of our Father in Heaven, and that in their circumstances I might not be as good as they, that I feel like taking them by the hand and speaking kind words to them. But in regard to Molly Simms—I have thought she may not be as simple as we take her to be. She may be fulfilling a mission given her of our Heavenly Father; her great simplicity may be designed to draw people from the opposite extreme."

"I don't believe there is any piety in going to such extremes; and 'cleanliness is akin to Godliness.' I believe in being clean and tasteful, at least."

"No doubt you are right, there, Mary; but we ought to take into consideration her advantages. Her father was blind—her mother always was feeble; sometimes she had fits—they were poor, and had a large family, and at first fell into these simple ways from necessity. The father received all his hard discipline as from the hand of Providence; and, as he was deprived of the means of educating and refining his family, he fell into the way of thinking that it was wrong to indulge in anything that was not actually necessary. Is it strange that his prayerful life, and pious teachings, combined with his enthusiastic love for simplicity, impressed his children with a belief that all else was inconsistent with a Christian life? Molly seems to be doing just as nearly right as she knows how, and I believe may be one of those

little ones whom our Saviour commands us not to offend."

"Well, Cousin Anna; I may be obliged to yield, though if you convince me against my will I shall be of the same opinion still. You always did take such a queer view of things—I believe you must have a glass through which you look at the enchanting side of everything."

"You mean to say, I conclude," replied Anna, "that in looking upon the meanest of our fellow creatures we ought to remember that they bear the stamp of the Divine, and that Jesus had no 'form or comeliness,' was 'despised and rejected of men,' and that we ought always to bear in mind 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me.'"

"Ah, cousin, you are right and I am wrong. My love of the outwardly beautiful makes me often forget that a beautiful soul may dwell under a mean exterior. You need not say it—I see it—that in using such coarse language and unkind sentiments I make myself inferior to those of whom I speak."

Molly Simms came the next day to the house of Cousin Mary by express invitation, and though there was a little feeling of ridicule left in her heart when she first saw her, she soon found herself listening to the simple, yet instructive words of the poor woman; and she forgot the coarse shoes and homespun gray for words which, fitly spoken, are like "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

In the course of the afternoon Mary's little boy came from the brook as wet as he could be; while playing with the fishes he had fallen into the water. Mary was vexed at the danger her child had placed himself in, and the trouble she had in changing his soiled garments, and she said, in her impulsive way—

"You ought to be whipped to teach you better next time, my boy."

The occurrence passed off, without further notice, till the next morning, when Molly Simms, timidly, yet with a bearing of conscious right, came to the side of Cousin Mary, and said gently,

"I think, my friend, we ought to be careful in threatening children with punishment we do not intend to give—we ought to guard against too great severity for the first offence—it may lead to falsehood. When a child repents an act of disobedience, it may be necessary to inflict punishment; and in questioning a child in regard to his fault, I have often found it better to wait till the excitement of the moment was gone—the child will more readily tell all the

truth, though to his own disadvantage, and yield to your wishes."

Mary could not but assent to the truth her friend had spoken, for in her heart she felt grateful for her teachings. She blessed God also, that He had turned the footsteps of poor Molly Simms to her dwelling, and she promised, then, always to remember, with His help, that "while man looketh at the outward appearance, God looketh at the heart."

Woman,

In her Relation to Government and the World.

BY O. S. BAKER.

WHATEVER God permits to be, has, so long as permitted, some good reason or right to be.

Let us apply this axiom to the answering of a question often proposed by the young thinker:—Since woman, in common with man, is a responsible being, why do so many intelligent and talented of the sex, patiently submit to be regarded by law as inferior to their husbands when married, and as minors always?

Because every such woman sees, upon a dispassionate examination, both of the nature of human governments and of her own nature, that since the spirit of Christianity has been, as yet, but sparingly infused into any government, and since it is this spirit of Christianity alone which enables individuals or institutions to recognize moral natures and soul equality, there is really little cause for wonder, and none for indignation, that the law does not regard woman as the equal of man.

If we examine our own comparatively free country, we will perceive even here, that the whole machinery of its legislation and jurisprudence is directed, not mainly in behalf of *human* wants, as it would be, were it Christian, but mainly in behalf of *property* wants!

This being the fact, it is but consistent that law regards the wife as inferior to her husband; for woman is so seldom the accumulator of property before marriage—so seldom then seen to enter upon any occupation, with the view of making it a life-business, as man pursues his—that it cannot be a matter of surprise that government should regard one who assumes for herself so comparatively inferior a property position before marriage, as comparatively inferior also afterwards.

We repeat, that it is but consistent human government, as hitherto exerted, should regard

but slightly the claims of woman to respect by it; and, as to co-operation with it—as to voting—that this is denied woman, is but consistent also; for, as the legitimate power of the sex is moral, is of that inner wholly swaying influence which wins and reforms, while the power of governments proves generally but external, partial, a power which merely forces and restrains, wherein can an influence, worthy of being directed by woman, co-operate therewith?

Surely it should not be a matter of regret that man, as we believe, from a God-implanted instinct that she was to be reserved for a later and higher mission, has little allowed woman to lift her hand, to wield the influence of force and restraint. Surely, while all along the hitherto ages, physical might, material wealth, or intriguing ambition, rather than intellect guided by justice and moral excellence, has ruled in the places of power, it should not be a matter of self-abasement to woman, that human governments habitually regard her as "inferior," because inferior in the attributes which have generally filled such places.

But, the world is learning the elements of the truth, that moral power is the highest desirable power, and that, in the exercise of such power, woman is no inferior.

The history of the various benevolent associations of the day proves, that, in proportion as an institution is loving, humanitarian, and truly reformatory in its tendency, woman's active aid in it is solicited, and that by man himself; and there is, therefore, little room for doubt, that when government becomes changed to a humanitarian, reformatory and educational institution, woman's co-operation in it will be solicited also.

Governments hitherto have proved a mere rearing up and pulling down of experimental fabrics. Woman, passive yet hoping, has stood by and watched the workmen—been now full of joy before some new plan—now blinded, stunned, and covered with dust, as some old structure fell, prostrated by the winds of heaven, because not founded on the rock of moral principle; or, as plank, beam, and rafter came whirling to the ground, from the hands of its own disappointed and enraged architects.

We know there is a certain portion of the intelligent females of our country, whose indignation, as expressed, has been very severe, because man has done so much experimenting in this government building, without taking any notice of his sister near, to ask what kind of a house she would prefer. In his struc-

tures, they tell us he has heeded neither God's laws, nor woman's happiness; but, what was said of the king of the South, in the eleventh chapter of Daniel, would well apply to him: "And the king shall exalt himself; neither shall he regard the God of his fathers, nor the desire of women, for he shall magnify himself above all."

All this may have applied in the past; but, as man moves his ground, and guided progressively by an unseen Providence, rears his structures nearer and nearer moral principle, he has a clearer vision. He sees patient, waiting woman, and soon questions himself whether it were not well to modify his plans to suit her comfort. Hence the laws beginning to be enacted in many of the different States in her behalf—in Iowa, Wisconsin, Texas, California, Louisiana, Alabama, Michigan, and New York.

And we feel assured time will prove that it is not necessary for woman to vote, and be elected to Congress, in order to have government what she wishes, any more than it is necessary, when traveling in a carriage, that she hold the reins, and guide the steeds, in order to ride in the direction she would go.

But so many arguments have been urged in behalf of the right of suffrage for woman, that the subject seems to require a fuller discussion than can be given in this article. What we would here add is, that to possess a capacity argues the right to exercise it, whenever good can be effected thereby; and as the world progresses in the ability to recognize moral power, and as woman by cultivation and development becomes more and more imbued with such power, it is doubtless her duty to exert it beyond the circle of her own home, *provided always, that, in so doing, she does not neglect any duty at home.*

We may rest assured, and the history of her labors in the past confirms this assurance, that, whenever the public good requires a woman's aid, and whenever she can worthily exert such aid, her efforts for the public will be abundantly blessed. But, there is little hope that Heaven will bless the exertions of that woman, who, either as a writer, a lecturer, or a petitioner to legislative assemblies, strives to affect the world at large, while she fails in moral power at her own fireside—while her husband is no better for her companionship, while his respect for her does not increase as the years roll on, and while her children are disobedient and unworthy.

If we had not read authenticated statements

to that effect, we should still be confident that Mrs. Chisholm was the most estimable and happy of wives, when we observe how much she, the little Englishwoman in distant Australia, has been enabled to do—when we see how, by the efforts of her persevering energy and demonstrated wisdom, she has, within the past few years, moved the government power of Great Britain to radically change and reform the whole system of its policy, in regard to its before shamefully neglected and suffering Australian colonists, and thereby has effected more real, wide-spread and humanizing good, than any being who ever set foot on that beautiful shore!

And the unmarried woman who would "extend her influence"—she too has frequently nearer duties, which should be first fulfilled—which, being fulfilled, she may then hope, that where she has like moral potency and like unselfish motives, Providence will bless her efforts, as He has those of the once obscure Massachusetts schoolmistress, Miss Dix—who, rich in love and energy, has, by the efforts of her single will, been enabled to so humanize our government, to say nothing of her success on the continent of Europe, as to induce the legislatures of more than half the States in the Union to found asylums for the insane!

We frequently meet lamentations, that females endowed with genius, literary, artistic, or reformatory, are so frequently unhappy in their domestic relations; yet, in contradiction to the oft-repeated statement, that such unhappiness among distinguished women is the rule, a host of names arise in the mind of every person of biographical knowledge.

No—the law of God's moral universe is this—*nearer duties must be first fulfilled*; and, because a moral law, it is doubtless as obligatory on one sex as the other. But, we confine our remarks now to woman, when we assert that any infringement of this law will bring upon the individual who infringes it, no matter how rich her gifts, public failure, or private misery.

It therefore becomes every young woman, who fancies she has a soul above home cares, to weigh well, before she discards such cares, this inevitable law and its inevitable results!

It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction. Fear secretes acids; but love and trust are sweet juices.

Blue and Gold.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

The happy combination of colors coupled in our caption, has no reference, O reader, to

"the spangled blue above,

When midnight marshals all her glories there"—nor to the glittering tiara on the brow of blue-eyed beauty, nor yet to the dreams all golden which it is said illumine the zigzag fancies of individuals in that happy state of obliviousness to which the hue celestial has been popularly applied. Our "blue and gold" refers to none of these. The violence of the contrast in our crowning illustration spoils the harmony which should follow under whatever circumstances heaven's blue and sunset hue are made to commingle; but in our "blue and gold" this harmony is complete. And in its application it is exquisitely tasteful. If nectar was the one drink of the gods, so now the livery of the poets stands specially confessed in the combined miracle of ultramarine and gold. In short, it represents the modern popular dress—hood, robe, and sandals—in which the poetry of Tennyson and Allingham, Longfellow and Lowell, is clothed for the delectation of the million. Parnassus acknowledges the token, and in the illustration traces emblematic signs of the sky-blue soarings, and gilt edged fancies—though, alas! not gilt-edged pocket books—of its votaries.

A little more than four years ago the firm of Ticknor & Fields, Boston, published in a neat pocket volume, encased in the richest blue, capped with gold, everything that the poet Tennyson had written to that time, including *The Princess*, *In Memoriam*, *Maud*, *Morte de Arthur*, *Loxley Hall*, *Lilian*, and shorter pieces, ballads, etc. The compactness of the little volume, which thus presented between one pair of covers the entire contents of at least five complete volumes, as previously published, brought the little brochure into immediate demand, and parlor tables and ladies' cabinets, window ledges and coat pockets, soon made room—what little was wanted—for the daintily luxurious stranger. Tennyson thus, by a grand coup of the publishers, was made the daily intimate of thousands of susceptible natures, and the influence of that one exquisite little volume, who can tell?

But the public appetite craved more than this, and forthwith Longfellow, complete in two similar volumes, soon after appeared, to gratify the taste of readers. In these volumes, likewise,

all that our American poet had written, found place, comprising the whole contents of ten or a dozen volumes, and including *Evangeline*, *The Golden Legend*, *Voices of the Night*, *The Seaside and Fireside*, *Hiawatha*, *The Spanish Student*, *The Belfry of Bruges*, *Translations*, etc. It seemed like a miracle that so much could be crowded into so little space, and yet the integrity of type and paper be preserved. Yet so it was; and in due time Whittier, Lowell, Leigh Hunt, and others, were marshaled into the series as witnesses of the public appreciation of what had already been done, until the little library now numbers twenty-eight as exquisite volumes in miniature as ever book-lover feasted eyes upon. By the clear, clean type, which shows a bold and distinct appearance, even while small in size; and by the exquisite satin-surfaced finish of the paper, which adds to the distinctness of the page, any one of these little volumes contains more than the matter of an ordinary duodecimo. They average over four hundred pages each—Sydney Dobell's poems contains nearly six hundred—yet so tastefully are they presented in their dainty dress, that no disproportion of size or shape is apparent, while their fitness for all odd places where just such companions are wanted to fill a leisure moment, is suggested by their very appearance.

As it now stands, this cabinet library includes Tennyson, in one volume; Longfellow, in two; Whittier, in two; Gerald Massey, one; Leigh Hunt, two; Owen Meredith, (young Bulwer,) two; Motherwell, one; John Bowring, (*Matins and Vespers*), one; Lowell, two; Percival, two; Sydney Dobell, one; William Allingham, one; and Theodore Martin's translation of the *Odes of Horace*, one. These form the poetical galaxy—the sacred nine, with four to spare. In addition, the series includes the *Complete Prose Works of Longfellow*, in two volumes, containing *Hyperion*, *Kavanaugh*, *Outre-Mer*, etc.; and also, in uniform style, several volumes of the exquisite art-writings of Mrs. Jameson.

These seven books, by this lamented lady, form, perhaps, the distinguishing feature of the whole series. "Blue and gold" may be said to have brought back to life the rich æsthetic productions of this refined and gentle critic, whose whole life was wedded to her art—productions which, though instinct with life, as it has indeed appeared, had, nevertheless, been dead to the present generation. As we write, we have by us a copy of the first American edition of *The Characteristics of Women*,

which, though issued from the press (nearly twenty years ago) of the same bountiful literary purveyors, to whom we are indebted for this feast of "blue and gold," looks remarkably quaint and out of date by the side of its brilliant counterpart of to-day. The *Characteristics of Women* is a refined and glowing analysis of the peculiar traits and temperaments of the sex, as embodied in the plays of Shakspeare. Believing, with Hazlitt, that Shakspeare "knew all things," and that all kingdoms of the heart were in allegiance to him, Mrs. Jameson, accepting his plays as the text-books of human nature, separated and classified his female delineations for the purpose of illustrating the various emotions and capabilities of the female mind, the predominating attributes of each claiming comparison, oftentimes, with similar traits in the opposite sex, though never losing sight of the trait, founded in nature, of "the essential and invariable distinction—that in men the intellectual faculties exist more self-poised and self-directed, more independent of the rest of the character, than we ever find them in women, with whom talent, however predominant, is in a much greater degree modified by the sympathies and moral qualities." The text here presented is faithfully followed throughout the volume, and all the volumes ever written by the same womanly hand. Mrs. Jameson never fell a victim to that restless, Harriet Martineauish ambition, which would masculinize her sex, independent of all fitness by nature or necessity for the transmutation.

The writings of Mrs. Jameson, with one or two exceptions, all bear more or less upon art. Though various, they exhibit, in all their changes, this one genial theme; and few writers have done more to elevate the subject in all its relations to that position which the requirements of civilization demand. Ruskin has expatiated more rhapsodically on art, and others more pretentiously or transcendently, but no one has done more toward placing the criticism of art on a sound æsthetic basis, or contributed more to a scientific knowledge of it. The whole list of her writings comprises twenty distinct works, of which, in addition to the *Characteristics of Women*, six are included in the "blue and gold" library. These are *Memoirs of the Loves of the Poets*; *The Diary of an Eunuch*; *Sketches of Art, Literature, and Character*; *Memoirs of the Early Italian Painters*; *Studies, Stories, and Memories*; and *Legends of the Madonna*.

The *Loves of the Poets* is a series of sketches

and biographies, showing the influence which woman has exercised on poetic minds in all ages and countries. These sketches comprise some fifty in all, among which are included the notable histories of Dante and Beatrice, Laura and Petrarch, Surrey and the fair Geraldine, Chaucer and Phillippa Picard, Sydney's Stella, Spenser's Rosalind, Leonora d'Este, and others. The *Diary* is a delightful narrative, recording experiences of travel among the homes of art, Florence, Rome, Naples, etc. Its genial descriptions and criticisms, and the skillful blending of these with a thread of romance, have made the book among the most popular that the fair author has written. The *Sketches of Art, Literature, and Character*, is one of the most delightful of the whole series. It is a record, made with all the author's loving interest and enthusiasm, of old travels in Nuremberg, Munich, Dresden, etc.; of visits to quaint old places, hallowed by their associations with art and literature; of loiterings through dreamy galleries of painting and sculpture; of interviews with Moritz Retzsch and like celebrities; of reverential emotions in dim old cathedrals, when the incense rose, and deep-toned organs sounded. The *Memoirs of Early Italian Painters* includes a history of the progress of the art in Italy, from Cimabue to Bassano. It forms one of the most excellent manuals of Italian art ever written, and has supplied thousands of readers with all the knowledge they possess of such men as Tintoretto, Leonardo da Vinci, Perugino, and Paul Veronese. Of the *Studies, Stories, and Memories*, the lightest word of praise we can say is, that it richly deserved its reprint in the blue and gold cabinet library. The last of the series, at present, is the exquisite volume on sacred art, *Legends of the Madonna*; but as this is but one of a series of four distinct works, tracing the progress of sacred art through its various phases for the purpose of illustrating "the symbolical form in which the old masters were accustomed to clothe their ideas, and to indicate the purity and beauty of their conceptions," it is probable that "blue and gold" will yet receive many more additions, including, at least, three more of the works of Mrs. Jameson.

The *Memoirs of Female Sovereigns*, also, by this lady, deserves the drapery of blue and gold—would it not be as becoming as the royal purple?—and we hope to see the *Beauties of the Court of Charles II.* also added, with miniature copies on steel of those exquisite originals by Sir Peter Lely. But the seeds of a still greater increase are in these little vol-

umes. The public will not let them die or cease in their continued accumulation. There is an air of delicacy and refinement about them, and their presence in the household is a sure sign of intelligence, culture, and taste. For a lady's cabinet, nothing more appropriate has ever been prepared, and she who possesses the series as we have named them, is in the possession of a treasury which years cannot lessen in interest or diminish in value.

Invocation.

BY MRS. C. MARIA LONDON.

Wake up, young daisy, wake and bloom,
Sweet prophetic of Spring,
So long has winter hid the flowers,
Welcome the news you bring.
Unfold your little, fragrant heart,
Shed perfume through the meadow,
Fling out your sweetness everywhere,
In sunshine and in shadow.
And to the weary spirit say,
"Though frost and snows prevail,
Spring-time will come, for God is good,
His mercy will not fail."

Sing, happy song bird, chirp and sing,
Among the tender flowers;
The summer skies oft weep and frown,
But sing between the showers.
Pour forth your glad, wild minstrelsy
With morning's earliest flushes,
And let your grateful evening song
Steal through the twilight hushes.
Thus sing, "No evil shall endure,
The clouds that lower to-day—
The storms that rage—the winds that howl
To-morrow pass away."

Leap, laughing streamlet, glance and glide,
Flow seaward gladly,
Large fields of light and boundless rest
Are waiting there for thee.
On through the broad, free prairie-path,
Down the steep mountain-ledges,
And where the yew-shades darkly fall
Among the reeds and sedges,
Press on, and say, "Though rough the road,
Though change and darkness come,
Love marks the way for you and me—
We both are journeying home."

Blow, softly blow, sweet south-west wind,
With sound and incense laden,
Bring echoes of the psalms that float
Through the fair meads of Aiden.

Speed on thy mission; wheresoe'er
Sorrow or Sin is dwelling,
Breathe on the air the hymns of praise
From "Nature's great heart" swelling,
And whisper, "No one toils alone,
God's arm is ever near,
Trusting in Him, whate'er thy lot
Thou hast no harm to fear."

Longwood, Mo., July 10th, 1860.

Imagination.

BY H. R. C.

It is said, "Imagination would be a good portress, if she had but one hand"—that is, if she opened to us only a door to pleasure, I suppose.

And so it is, if she increases our joys, she also adds to our discomforts and annoyances.

We see this every day. Imagination can cure diseases. It as surely often creates them.

The first has been often exemplified, in cases of cholera and kindred diseases.

Numerous instances of the latter have occurred, in cases of cholera and kindred diseases.

It is absolutely true, in regard to many bodily ailments, that, "as a man thinketh, so is he."

If a man *imagines* that, "putting his wooden leg in a warm foot-bath," will make him feel better, he will most assuredly be benefited by the operation. How much fancy does in matters of food and drink! Probably the man who was in the habit of looking at his cherries through a magnifying-glass, as he ate them, absolutely enjoyed them with a greater zest, easily deluding himself with the idea that they were larger and more luscious than they really were.

And not only are people prone to be easily self-deluded in this matter, but advantage is often taken of this facility by others, to practice upon them some deception. For example, the stratagems women sometimes practice upon their husbands in this regard.

As instance—husband brings home something new, in the way of coffee or tea, and wants some made for breakfast or supper. He has a firm faith that it is a superior article. Wife slyly slips in some of the old in its stead, and then takes her place behind the urn, looking as innocent as you please.

Unsuspecting husband sips of the beverage she hands him, and pronounces it "prime, a decided improvement upon the old," and proposes laying in a large quantity.

He does not see the mischievous twinkle in

the eyes opposite him, nor the sly glance directed to sister, cousin, or some other female accomplice. Serenely oblivious of these signs, with not the remotest consciousness of the plot concocted against him, for I must say these little ambushings are not quite as indigenous to the other sex as to women—and therefore they do not so readily scent them out—he enjoys his delusion, and sips the beverage prepared for him, with as great a zest as though it were the genuine article he imagines it.

"Fancy it Burgundy," said Boniface, "and it is worth a shilling a quart."

Elizabeth,

Daughter of Rev. Rufus Palmer.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

ELIZABETH, daughter of Rev. Rufus Palmer, of Woodstock, and I, were schoolmates at Mapleton, and there, and ever afterward, dearly beloved friends.

One afternoon, while I was visiting at the parsonage, in the summer previous to her marriage, she placed her journal in my hands, pointing to the pages, from which I afterward made the three following excerpts.

I cannot tell how sweet and comforting that verse from the seventeenth psalm fell into my heart this morning, as father read it at family prayers:

"As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."

With what tenderness and exaltation and child-like trust, it closes up the psalm, like a sudden chime of silver bells, ringing down through all the darkness and turmoil of the royal writer's soul—how, as his heart turned away from all the sorrow and strife and sin which hemmed him round, it mounted up on the wings of that glad thought into light and peace! Sudden and swift the world fell away from him; and the monarch, tossed and tried, and sorely beset on all sides, is in the midst of that rest and rejoicing which God gives to those who love Him!

All this flashed like a sudden revelation across my soul this morning. I was in deep waters at the time; I looked out upon life, and the great burdens it had suddenly laid upon me; they seemed heavier than I could bear. It was a November morning, locked up by thick bluish gray clouds and mist. It did not

rain, but the air had that clammy chill in it, which told us plainly that the year was dying, and the earth lay under the clouds wan and desolate.

Papa put down his cup of coffee at breakfast, with a resigned shake of the head, which did not escape me,—and the toast was burned, and the hash "fried to a crisp."

Hannah is a willing girl enough, but she requires constant supervision; and, as I have not a "relay of bodies," I cannot be in parlor and kitchen, chamber, study and dining-room, all at the same time.

And of course everything falls on me now. Delia is a rude, impulsive, good-hearted little creature, but with half a score of birthdays on her golden head; the child is a constant care—a great vexation to me sometimes; but her bright little face is unspeakable comfort, after all. Harry is much like Delia; and only two years ahead of her, and overflowing with boyish spirits, and love of frolic.

Newell is as unlike them both as possible, quiet, thoughtful, studious. Dear boy! he has mamma's eyes; and sometimes, when I look at his pale, sweet, gentle face, I think it has been good for him to be afflicted. His limb is better, but the doctor says he will never regain more than a partial use of it, and I believe Newell has made up his mind to be a cripple for life; but, he accepts it with a sweet resignation, that often brings the tears into my eyes.

It does not seem possible that dear mamma has been away from us six months; I cannot bear to think of the first snow covering her grave; but, on the footsteps of this thought, there follows another: "In the hope of a resurrection unto life immortal!"

So, when prayers were over, I went back to the kitchen with a calmer heart. For a time, everything seemed in inextricable tangle; Delia's hair must be curled for school; Harry wanted some assistance in his algebra; Hannah was sprinkling the clothes, and protested she should not get the ironing done this week, unless she was permitted an uninterrupted morning; and, when I looked at the heaped clothes-basket, I heartily endorsed her view of the matter.

So we effected a kind of compromise. I agreed to "do the fine things," pick the chickens, and make the desserts, while she was to wash the dishes, and help get the dinner. So, as soon as the children were out of the house, I squatted down to my delectable employment of picking chickens, giving just one little sigh, which was caught and strangled on my lips, to

my German up stairs. I knew Jean Paul must lie unopened on the table to-day—for I had promised to be at the sewing society that afternoon. It was the first time since mamma died, and I felt that my absence would disappoint half the parish.

Suddenly papa came into the kitchen. "Anything for me?" I asked, looking up from my chicken, for I heard him say that he was going to the post office.

"Nothing, Elizabeth—but," stopping short and peering at me through his spectacles, "what does this mean?"

"It means that I'm deposed from office, and am now second servant," and I briefly explained our culinary contingencies and relations.

"Well, it's too bad, my little girl. I lay awake a couple of hours last night, thinking how your cares and burdens were wearing you down. But this morning God seems to have sent me an especial answer. I have good news for you, Elizabeth," drawing a letter from his pocket.

"Oh, papa, from whom is it?"

"From your Aunt Rachel. Her husband's brother is so much better that he has concluded, with the advice of his physicians, to try a sea voyage for his health.

"He will go to the East Indies, and take Hugh with him, and your aunt says she is ready now to come to us, provided we can find a corner for Alice, and she will do us all the good in her power."

I could not answer papa for my glad tears. He laid his hand softly on my hair. "It is evident the hand of the Lord is in this, my child."

What a burden of care and anxiety was suddenly lifted from my heart and mind, cannot be written with my pen! Dear Aunt Rachel! Those three happy years I passed at Mapleton comes over the hills of memory with their sweet, shining faces, and smile on me now!

I never loved any woman, except my own mother, as I loved my father's sister, Aunt Rachel Winters.

What a life of consecration hers is! To think how she has devoted the last five years to her husband's invalid brother, and his two motherless children!

What a mercy it is to all of us that just at this crisis Uncle Hugh's health is improved, so that he can dispense with Aunt Rachel's care!

And there will be no more jars in our domestic machinery, for the wheels always run smoothly where Aunt Rachel, that completer of housekeepers, presides.

After I had finished the chickens, I made papa a cup of coffee after his heart, or his palate, rather, and carried it into the study.

He had just set about his sermon, and I saw the cup of fragrant Mocha was most acceptable.

"Perhaps it will inspire you," I said, as he stirred the coffee with his spoon.

"A minister ought to look to some other source than coffee for his inspiration; but this weather locks up my brain in just such a mist as it does the hill yonder; and there's no harm done in hoping the coffee will disperse some of the clouds."

And while he spoke there came a golden sprinkling of light through the window. "Oh, papa, I do believe it's going to clear off."

"I think so," setting down his cup, and drawing me fondly to him. "My little girl, do you know that you are the greatest comfort I have in the world."

"Am I, really, papa?" stroking the black locks so powdered with gray, and then hiding my face for joy on his shoulder.

He held me to his heart a little while, and I knew, in the silence, that he was thanking God for me.

All the rest of the day has seemed set to a sweet tune. I went through with the remainder of the morning's work with a lightness and joy at my heart, which kept overflowing my lips in fragments of sweet hymns and airs, so that Hannah said to me, while I was dismissing the chickens,

"Don't you feel wonderful chirk to-day, Miss Elizabeth?"

This afternoon I went to the society. The people all seemed so glad to see me, and many a warm clasp of the hand, and quick starting tear, spoke to my heart the sympathy which the lips would have failed to do.

It is very late evening now, and I paused a little while in indecision whether to have a few pages of dear Jean Paul Richter, or to talk with my journal. The journal carried it this time, for my heart must speak its gladness, once in a while, to these mute leaves.

This is a luxury, however, in which I do not allow myself often to indulge. The only beautiful way of living is to live an earnest, practical, *working* life, not one of fancies and dreams, and introversions, but a life which will grow more and more into the lineaments of Him of whom David, the son of Jesse, wrote, "I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness."

Aunt Rachel has been with us a month, and

she has brought order, serenity, gladness, to all our household. Her gentle presence acts like subtle magnetism in every department of domestic economy. I am relieved from two-thirds of my responsibility, and the remaining one is just enough to keep my heart, and mind, and body in healthful activity and sympathy.

Her little niece, Alice, accompanied her. She seemed to find just the right corner of our home to settle down in. She is a quiet, sweet, thoughtful child, a year Delia's senior, and she and Newell get on very nicely together with their pursuits and lessons, and general juvenile employments.

"Now, give us a song—please, Lizzie."

Of course it was Newell said this, last evening, as he took up his crutch and came toward the sofa where I sat, engrossed, for the time, in drawing a new embroidery pattern.

We were all in the sitting-room. It was a night in mid-winter, cold, still, shining with stars, and white with snow. Harry and Delia had just entered in most hilarious spirits, from an hour's skating on the pond. Alice, sweet and demure, sat by the table with one of Abbott's histories, which Newell and she had been reading for an hour.

Aunt Rachel's serene, matronly face completed the group. Looking at it the other day, when she sat by the kitchen fire, I thought to myself it was a face of which Longfellow would say it had "something beside a date" in it. It had a story of struggle and suffering, and peace and rest, won, at last, through patience, submission and love.

And such faces are sweeter to me than any bloom of youth, or any glow of beauty.

A chorus of entreaties followed Newell's petition: "Oh, yes; do give us some music, please, Lizzie," and Harry added, "and I'll get a basin of nuts, and crack 'em, afterward."

"And I'll help," added Delia.

So Newell came to the piano, and watched me with the dark, spiritual eyes, looking out of his pale face, while I played and sang for half an hour, old familiar household songs and sacred hymns, in which the young voices sometimes joined, and sweet tremulous waves of melody flowed to and fro from the old sitting-room.

Aunt Rachel put down her knitting, and listened with the quiet, pleased smile, which so well becomes her face.

At last she said, as I finished "The Watcher," "Lizzie, I wish you'd sing 'The Old Sexton.' You know what a favorite of mine it used to be." I could not refuse her; and yet, she did not

know what a flock of old memories that name stirred—how they crowded upon my heart, as I swept my fingers over the keys of the piano, and wakened the old tune which *he* and I sang last together, which I had never sung since *that* night!

But it all rushed back on me then; the still, summer evening, with the sweet scent of the cinnamon roses by the parlor window, and the moonlight dropping in great silver blossoms upon the carpet. I sat once more at the piano in Aunt Rachel's parlor at Mapleton, my heart full of young, sweet hopes and dreams, as the air was full of fragrance; and *he* was standing there, turning the leaves of my music, and smoothing my hair stealthily, and mingling his deep vibrating tenor voice with mine, in that solemn, beautiful song.

And so, with all these memories calling to me over the three and a half years, which lay betwixt that June night and this January one, I got through with the third verse of my song; and then, to the great astonishment of my young auditors, I broke down utterly into a sob and a rain of tears. Wondering, sympathetic faces closed around me, and I heard Newell's quick whisper to the others: "The song makes her think of mamma!" and he put his arm around my neck, in mute sympathy; and I knew, from the silence, that there were tears in eyes beside mine. After a little while, I regained my self-possession enough to look up and say, with a smile, "I think I've played and sung a little too much to-night, or I shouldn't have broken down so suddenly."

It took some time for the gravity to wear off; I caught Aunt Rachel's eyes fastened on my face, with a look of anxiety and tenderness, which made me half fancy she suspected the true cause of my tears, for she is very acute.

At last Harry and Delia started up stairs for the nuts; and, when they returned with their basins and small hammers, the cloud had passed, and laughter and light conversation leaped out of the gravity and silence once more.

But my spirits were not yet keyed to it; and I went into the kitchen, where Hannah was "wetting up bread" for the morrow's baking, and sat down on a stool before the birch fire, and my heart went back into that room, which I locked three years ago, and laid away the key in bitterness and anguish of soul, saying to myself, "I must never cross the threshold again!"

I had sat before the fire, watching the red

shafts of flame, with my head pillowed on my hand, when Aunt Rachel suddenly entered the kitchen. "What made you run off from us all so suddenly?" asked the sweet, cheerful voice.

"Well, aunty, I thought you wouldn't miss me, and I'd have a little foray into dream-land before the fire."

She shook her head, as she sat down. "Dream-land is a dangerous country for young folks."

"Well, I don't wander in its forbidden paths very often."

Then there fell a little silence; I saw that something was on Aunt Rachel's mind, by her manner. She stirred the fire abstractedly—she looked at me with a doubtful, puzzled expression, and at last she said: "It's a very cold night for your father to be out;" but I knew, by her tones, it was not of him she had been thinking.

"Yes, aunty; but the night was never so cold or dark, or stormy, that if my father was summoned to the bedside of a sick parishioner, he would not go."

Another little silence; Aunt Rachel spoke suddenly, as though she had at last made up her mind to it, and looking me full in the face: "Elizabeth, I met Lawrence Murray two weeks before I left home."

The old name, which never crossed my lips, unless in my prayers, slid along her voice rapid and easy. For one moment my heart stood still, then I bent forward, and seized aunty's hand. "Oh, do tell me!"

"Why, Elizabeth, my dear child!" She must have read more than I guessed in my face, by the manner in which she passed her hand over it, and by the shocked, pitying look in her eyes. "I was returning from church, when I came suddenly upon him, in company with his aunt and Uncle Murray."

"There was a glance of mutual surprise and recognition then; he lifted his hat, and passed on; but, I was only a few rods from my own gate, when I suddenly heard footsteps behind me, and in a moment he was by my side."

"We shook hands cordially; he told me some business with his uncle had brought him to Mapleton, and he had concluded to pass the Sabbath."

"And did he speak of me, aunty?"

"Yes; there was a pause in our conversation, and the gentleman broke it by asking, with some embarrassment,—

"I hope your niece, Miss Palmer, is well?"

"She was, last week, thank you."

"I suppose, however, she is Miss Palmer no longer!"

"That is her name at present; and there is, so far as I am informed, small probability of her changing it."

"He appeared surprised, puzzled, a little agitated; we had reached our home now, and he said to me, at parting, 'I should see you before I leave Mapleton, if I were not so imperatively summoned to the city to-morrow morning.' I fancied, then, he had something on his mind, which he wished to disclose to me."

"And did he look as he used to?"

"Very much, my child; a little older—a little manlier; but he had the same pleasant countenance and kindly smile."

"It was *very* strange, Aunt Rachel."

"What, Elizabeth?"

"His going off, as he did."

"And yet I felt, when I looked at that clear, earnest, candid face, that Lawrence Murray must have thought he had good and sufficient cause for his conduct."

"None can ever know," I said to myself, more than to my aunt, slipping round my finger the ring, which was mamma's wedding one, "what reason I had for believing that man loved me; his tones, his looks, his tenderness told me so, a dozen times, in every hour we passed together."

"And his leaving Mapleton so suddenly, after that night, without one word, without the slightest farewell—oh, Aunt Rachel, what did it mean?"

"Elizabeth, I have asked that question many times; and I have an intuition that God will answer it some day."

"Oh, aunty, if it had not been for you, my heart would have broken then!"

"My poor little girl!" and she drew her arms around me.

Suddenly Aunt Rachel spoke. "Elizabeth, I think Merritt Stearns and his sister came in, that last evening Mr. Murray passed at our house?"

"Yes; you know how intimate Julia and I were. They remained until quite late, and we three jested together in our old fashion; Merritt was always so full of sport. But, why did you ask me about this, aunty?"

"I scarcely know," looking dreamily into the fire, "only the last time I called on Lawrence's aunt, she spoke of the recent marriage of Merritt Stearns with Miss Mathews."

"I thought he admired your niece, Mrs. Deming," she said to me.

"Oh, they were only friends, because Annie and Elizabeth were much attached to each other."

"And, aunty, you think Merritt Stearns might have had somewhat to do——" There was no need I should finish the sentence.

"I don't like to think so, dear; he was, I hope, too honorable a man for such an act. But, it is strange Mrs. Murray's tones should come back to me now; and I did not know they impressed me at the time."

"Very strange," I said; but the pain and the darkness was in my heart.

Just then papa came in, and the matter was pursued no farther.

I wonder, if the joy which is in my heart will permit my hand to move steadily along these pages; and I wonder, if, before I have finished the story, I shall not awake out of deep sleep, and find it a dream!

Only yesterday it all happened. I had been busy for an hour or two helping Aunt Rachel in the kitchen; and, finally, I took a bowl of raisins into the sitting-room, and sat down to seed them by the open south window.

It was such a delicious morning in mid May, with flotillas of white cloud-sail in the east, with sweet spicy winds and showers of golden sunshine, writing in earth and air their glorious prophecy: "The summer is to be born unto the year."

And so when my eyes, weary with the winter and the long pallid rains, could look out once more upon the young grass and the rejoicing earth, I sat down to my work.

I must have been greatly absorbed, because I did not hear the front door bell ring; and I had the first intimation of its having done so, when Hannah ushered a stranger into the sitting-room, saying, with a broad grin on her rubicund visage: "This gentleman wants to see you, Miss Elizabeth."

With the second glance I knew him. I tried to rise up, but I was faint; and he came toward me with a smile on his lips, and one in his eyes, which seemed in a great struggle, with something beyond that, full of pain.

"Miss Elizabeth," he said; and oh! how the old, deep, familiar tones, went in and out of the syllables: "I have come to have an hour's talk with you."

I cannot tell whether I gave Lawrence Murray my hand, but he took it and held it, and pressed it a moment. Then a thought of God came to my heart, and calmed me; and I said,

quiet and steady, with my eyes fastened on his face:

"You are a very abrupt man, Mr. Murray. Four years ago, you left me in much the same fashion that you have come now!"

"If was right I should come abruptly; and Elizabeth, if I had not believed it *right*, with all the struggle which it cost me to leave you then, I should not have done it."

And looking in his face, listening to his voice, I believed him.

Lawrence Murray still held my hands, and I know we talked a little longer, but I think it must have been upon mere common places, for I cannot remember one word of all he said to me, until at last the rapid question following a brief silence:

"Shall we be interrupted here, Elizabeth?"

I rose up, and closed the door of the sitting-room; and when I would have resumed my seat by the window, Lawrence Murray drew me down on the sofa by his side, and told me—what Aunt Rachel said: "God would answer."

The recital occupied some time to tell it; and I must write it all in a few brief lines, because it is a matter upon which my heart and thoughts must never dwell. I had given Julia Stearns a lock of my hair—a small curl—which was forever loosening itself from the others, and falling over my cheek.

The brother possessed himself of them, and half in fun, half in figure, without positively affirming it, succeeded in convincing Lawrence Murray that it was my gift to him, and that I had encouraged his addresses in a manner which led that gentleman to believe that I preferred him to any man.

Lawrence Murray is a man of stern honor, and iron will—one who could never, for a moment, brook anything like coquetry or double-dealing in the woman of his choice.

He had implicit confidence in Merritt Stearns's truthfulness, and he felt that his only safety was in leaving me, no matter at what sacrifice.

He had buried himself in business from that hour, and success had attended him in his profession beyond his dreams, but no fair face—oh, the words he said here were very sweet ones—I need not write them with my pen, for they are living and radiant in my heart. But after Lawrence's visit to Mapleton, and his interview with Aunt Rachel, especially after his learning that I was still unmarried, a suspicion haunted him from which he could not in any wise deliver himself—a suspicion that he had somehow misapprehended the truth in regard to me and the young lawyer. And this

feeling at last drove him to Mapleton, and into the office of Lawyer Stearns, and there an interview transpired somewhat after this fashion:

"Doctor Murray, I am glad to see you," said Lawyer Stearns, with his old, bright smile, and graceful manner, as he offered the young physician his hand.

"And I am glad to see you, Stearns, and to offer you my congratulations, for I have just learned——"

"That I am a husband of six weeks' standing. Have you given me an opportunity to reciprocate, doctor?"

"No. I had hopes of doing so, when you crossed my path, four years ago."

The young lawyer looked a little embarrassed, but he answered, in his bright way, "It did me no good, Murray; I found all the fortifications carried before I reached them."

"You are not sincere there, for I have not forgotten the lock of hair you showed me in the moonlight of a June evening, nor the story you told me at that time."

A little flush, and gravity came over the lawyer's face; then he spoke in an embarrassed way, though with a vain attempt to carry off the whole matter as a joke.

"The truth is, Murray, I hadn't sown all my wild oats then, and I wanted a little fun. Miss Palmer's lock of hair was one she had given to my sister, and I got hold of it—by fair means or foul. I presume I concocted some moonshine story to endorse the curl, for I certainly regarded you as a successful rival, whom I would have given anything to cut out. But there was no use; the pastor's pretty little daughter was true to her first love."

"Merritt Stearns, I thank you for your confession, for that joke of yours has darkened four years of my life," said Lawrence Murray, sadly and sternly.

"I beg your pardon for it all, my dear fellow," answered his friend. "If I had known my joke would prove so serious a matter, you know I would sooner have parted with my right hand than indulge in it."

And the doctor left the office, and took the next train for——

"Elizabeth, the cake is ready to turn into the pans. Have you finished the raisins?" asked Aunt Rachel, coming to the sitting-room door.

And then she saw Lawrence Murray. Her look of amazement was ludicrous.

But I rose up and said to her, with a broken voice and shaking limbs,

"Aunt Rachel, you know you said God

would reveal *that* great mystery some time. He has done it this morning."

In a few minutes she understood all; but, for once her cake had to go into the oven without any raisins.

Lawrence remained to dinner. Aunt Rachel introduced him to papa as an old friend of hers from Mapleton. I think he was much pleased with the young physician.

In the afternoon we had company. Lawrence left for awhile, saying he should return in the evening, and must have a private interview with me.

The company had gone, and I was standing by the window looking out upon the sad, sweet moonlight, as it mounted the budding boughs with silver, and laid its snowy embossing on the young grass.

My heart was full of the strange events of the day—a great, tremulous joy, which touched on pain, seemed to possess my soul.

"Elizabeth."

I knew the tone, and I had not need to turn my head to see the speaker's face. He had seen me standing by the front window, as he came up the path, and he had walked very softly to my side.

For a little while we stood there, silently looking out on the night, and then Lawrence Murray said to me, "Elizabeth, it was just such a night as this, four years ago next month, when I went over to your aunt's cottage, at Mapleton, with a question for you in my heart—a question upon which seemed to hang all the hopes of my manhood—all the joy of my life."

"You know what followed: the sudden agony and desolation which fell upon my heart, so great that I do sincerely believe that if it had not been for God's grace, which upheld me, I should not have endured the suffering for one day; but I have not now come to speak of this—I have come to ask you the question, for which I sought you four years ago. 'Elizabeth, will you be my wife?'"

And the answer I made—is with God and Lawrence Murray.

To think that this night I belong no more to myself! How wisely God has ordered that Aunt Rachel should come to us, or they could never have spared me from my home.

But I cannot yet bear the thought of going away, and it will not be until next autumn.

How solemn I feel—a solemnity that is sweeter than any hilarious joy!

Oh, Lawrence Murray, is it given unto me to make your life happier? Will my tenderness, my devotion, enlarge, and enrich, and

make more affluent the years which God may give you?

Will you be a truer, nobler, better man because we shall walk together?

These are questions which press and weigh upon my heart heavily to-night, and I can only answer them in the words of the Psalmist, which fall into the heart like sweet dews, calming and healing it: "What time I am afraid I will trust in thee."

Our Mothers.

BY MRS. SARAH HEPBURN HAYES.

"I do not want it unless I can have three flounces, other girls have three, and if I cannot have my dresses made like other people I don't care whether I have any or not." These words were uttered in a discontented tone, by a girl in her fourteenth year. She would have been quite pretty if her face had not been so sickly or bilious looking, owing to improper diet, and want of fresh air and exercise. Nature had done a great deal for her, but an injudicious and over-indulgent mother, with very bad domestic training, were fast making her both disagreeable, unhappy, and unhealthy.

"I told you," returned her mother, "that there was not stuff enough for three flounces, and Mrs. Aiken, (this was the seamstress, who was present working at the dress,) says it will take at least three yards more to cut it as you want it. Didn't you, Mrs. Aiken?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the pale, heavy-eyed seamstress, looking up, "at least three and a half yards more."

"Then you can't have it, Maria; money is too scarce to be eternally laying it out at this rate for you."

At this stage of the proceedings, Maria went over to the lounge, and, sitting down, drew out her handkerchief, and began to pout and mutter: "I never can have anything I want—never."

"Shall I cut it, ma'am?" inquired Mrs. Aiken, whose previous experience in this family had caused her to hesitate.

"In a moment," replied Mrs. Thomas, who was pretending to be examining the material: "We could match it, Mrs. Aiken—there was plenty left, when I bought it. Now, Maria," continued Mrs. Thomas, in an angry tone, at the same time going over to her daughter, and shaking her by the arm, "if you don't stop whimpering this minute, I will punish you well;

just put on your bonnet, and go and get three and a half yards more; there is three or four dollars thrown away—but I know there will be no peace, unless you have your own way."

Of course, Maria, now that she had gained her end, was quite willing to clear up her countenance. "How I can manage mother!" she laughed in her sleeve, as she was going down street.

Mr. Thomas, the father of Maria, was a mechanic—in what particular branch of business it is unnecessary to mention at this time. He owned a large shop, and employed many workmen. He had married, at the age of thirty, a girl who had been brought up by a hard-working, pains-taking mother, who kept boarders, but did everything herself, in order to save Susan—(this was Mrs. Thomas' name—afterwards she wrote it *Susie*.) Susan was too delicate to do this—Susan thought it ungentle to do that—and poor Mr. Thomas found out to his cost, after his marriage, that he had a very dear bargain in *Susie*. They had three children—a girl and two boys—Maria being the eldest; and a more comfortless home, or a more refractory and disagreeable set of young people, could scarcely be imagined. Maria was not put to work of any description, on account of spoiling her hands, or taught to cook, for fear of injuring her complexion. She did not fancy reading; she could not bear to sew; she attended a school where she learned next to nothing, because it was fashionable; she was taking lessons in drumming on a piano, and had made some attempts at drawing; but, if by chance left to her own resources for a day, or a few hours, she made everybody about her so uncomfortable, by her complaints and listless unhappiness, that her mother was heartily glad when she was off to school again. Sometimes a few misgivings did cross Mrs. Thomas' mind, as to the manner she was raising her daughter, but she quieted them by saying, "she will have more sense after awhile." As Maria was a girl of ordinary capacity, a judicious, practical education and training, might have done a great deal for her; but, these were lacking, when her character, judgment and tastes were forming; and the years came, but the sense did not, and she grew up just the sort of young woman a careful observer would have predicted—ordinary in every respect—the only things for which she displayed a preference being the pleasures of the table, and extravagance in dress. And now we will turn to another picture.

Mr. Prior was a mechanic engaged in the

same occupation as Mr. Thomas. He employed about an equal number of hands, and had three children, the eldest also being a girl, about the age of Maria.

"Mother," said Fanny, as she came into the cheerful sitting-room, on the same winter afternoon from school, and proceeded to hang her satchel in its own particular corner: "Mother, I met Maria Thomas on my way home. She had been getting some more stuff like her new dress—she intends to have three flounces;" and Fanny came and stood close beside her mother, while a shadow rested upon her face. Mrs. Prior noticed this shadow, for she was very observant, and she knew that Fanny also would like flounces, because the hearts of young people, unless they are taught to aim at something higher, often attach themselves unduly to dress and show. The Bible says: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." This was one of this good mother's favorite maxims, so she answered very seriously: "The price of the material it will require to make those flounces, my dear, would buy Maria an additional dress, and a very good one. Do you approve of laying out so large a sum of money for a superfluity, which, after all, is only calculated to make a little girl look like a young woman?"

"Maria talks about dress all the time, mother; she seems to think the whole business of life is to settle what she will wear. She says she is going to have four worked bands, at a dollar and a half a piece, on her new petticoat."

"Well," said Mrs. Prior, "she will, then, in order to show this fine work, have to have her petticoat as long, or longer than her dress—it will necessarily sweep the street, and, after being worn once or twice, it must be washed; and, being soiled, it will soon be rubbed to pieces on the washboard—then, where are her six dollars? Now, suppose she had a plain hem on her skirt, or at least a simple scallop in the muslin, and would expend this money in useful books, or in some of the many ways calculated to do good to herself or others. I will tell you, my child, I consider it sinful the amount of fine needle-work and embroidery put upon under-clothing, now-a-days, and there is altogether too much time and thought devoted to dress and expenditure, generally. It may be to attract the attention, and please the taste of gentlemen, that ladies dress so extravagantly—but men usually look at the effect produced by a lady's dress; not one in a hundred

of them can tell the difference between lace at one dollar, or fifty dollars a yard—and the trouble is, this extreme of folly is not confined to the rich, or people with permanent and independent incomes; in every rank of life, each one is striving to surpass another. The remedy for this great and growing evil must rest with the mothers of America; and may God grant them wisdom to bring up the children committed to their care in the way they should go. A young lady once told me, that she had occupied every spare moment of time for more than a month, in hem-stitching and embroidering a garment, which it was scarcely possible any human being, except her washwoman or her most intimate friend, would ever see. Now, suppose this time had been employed in assisting her mother with the family cares and duties, in storing her mind with useful knowledge, and in working for the poor, how much better account would she have been able to give of time, as one of the talents committed to her keeping. Think seriously on these subjects, my daughter; and, as you have been confined to the school-room the most of the day, you may now go and help Fred and Willy clear the snow out of the path."

"Just look there!" cried Maria Thomas to her mother and Mrs. Aiken, a few minutes afterwards: "If there isn't Fanny Prior, with first the broom and now the rake, helping the boys to clean the walks."

"I never saw the like," said Mrs. Thomas, advancing to the window: "How she does let that girl act! I would keep a hired man, and let my daughter do such things! I wonder where Peter is?"

"It is not because there is nobody to do it," said Mrs. Aiken, quietly, "but Mrs. Prior thinks it is better for her health to exercise in the open air; she says, as a general thing, boys have all the advantages in America—girls are sacrificed to false notions of gentility. Fanny, when she was quite young, was inclined to be delicate, but now she has a good constitution and fine health. Her mother thinks the change is all owing to proper diet, and plenty of out-door exercise."

"Out-door exercise!" repeated Maria, contemptuously: "Fanny can ride down hill on a sled or a board; she plays ball and shuttlecock with her brothers; she can walk a mile into the country, and think nothing of it; but, then, she has bright eyes and a lovely color in her cheeks," continued Maria, in rather an envious tone.

"Color! yes," ejaculated Mrs. Thomas, "color

is natural to some people. Now, I never had any, neither has Maria. But, what surprises me is, that Fanny Prior is not a perfect Tom-boy, with such a bringing up. I would, on no account, allow Maria to do such things; she would catch her death of cold. Fanny appears to be as hardy as a pine knot."

"I have heard Mrs. Prior say," replied Mrs. Aiken, "that bathing, and being accustomed to the open air, prevents her taking cold; and, as to manners, I have heard a great many ladies admire Fanny's manners."

"Well, manners or no manners," returned Mrs. Thomas, in a tone of voice that was calculated to put a stop to the conversation, "I, for one, will never allow my daughter to try any such new fandangoes; I don't consider it genteel."

"Now, we are ready for supper, dear mother," cried Fanny, Fred and Will Prior, as rosy with health and spirits, they came bounding into the house: "Here are father and Peter coming up the street." Tea was soon ready—the table-cloth was spotless, the lamp neatly trimmed, and the china and glass glittered again—but the repast consisted alone of brown bread, fresh butter, roasted apples, and a little chipped beef. Father always laid the cares of business aside, when he came home.—Home, he thought, was the place to be happy himself, and to make others so. "We have but one life to live," he would sometimes say to his wife; "and I want a little enjoyment, beside handling money and accumulating it." The conversation between the parents and their children, during tea, was of the most agreeable kind; but, as soon as it was over, Will said: "Now, father, when we have finished our lessons, will you go on with the Lady of the Lake? Oh, but the gathering of the clans was splendid!"

*'Fast as the fatal symbol flies,
In arms the huts and hamlets rise.'*"

"No, no," said Fanny, with sparkling eyes, "give me the description of Ellen Douglas and Malcom Green—"

*'Vain was the bound of the dark brown doe;
Or, when*

*'The birch-trees wept in fragrant balm;
The aspens slept beneath the calm.'*

Ah, I wish I had such haunts to rove!"

"Lessons, lessons," cried Mr. Prior, laughing, as he rapped on the table: "Business first, pleasure afterwards."

It is our desire that our readers should now leap over a space of eight or ten years. The young misses, who were school-girls when first

introduced into notice, have now taken their places as wives and mothers; and, as their mothers trained them, so are they engaged in forming the minds and habits of another race of young immortals, who, in their turn, will be the matrons and the statesmen who will control, under God, the destinies of our country.

Maria Thomas and Fanny Prior both married, within a few months of each other, the head clerk or foreman, employed by their respective fathers. If there was any difference in these young men, it was in favor of Maria's husband, Richard Bond. He was considered a better business man, and possessed a keener intellect, although gifted with less personal beauty than Charles Birney, Fanny's husband. And now we wish you to accompany us to Fanny's home. Fanny has a cheerful temper, because she is healthy; time does not hang heavy on her hands, because she is occupied by a personal care of the economy and comfort of her home; her manners are charming, and she is rather remarkable for intelligence and vivacity and conversational powers. Her dresses, even when the material is calico, are always well fitting, and her hair glossy and neatly arranged.

Fanny is not in the habit of performing her household duties by proxy. She has three young children, and keeps but one servant, who is so slow that nobody else could get along with her; but, under Mrs. Birney's systematic management, everything moves on like clock-work. Fanny is not indolent, or averse to sharing the daily cares, of which it is necessary she should bear her share, in order to make home the happiest place on earth to her husband; she had been trained for the position designed by God for her to occupy, and now with glad activity she is assisting her husband to toil, plan, and provide for their children. Fanny's house is small; there is a parlor, dining-room and kitchen, with corresponding chambers above, but everything is in perfect order. The little parlor, especially, is a bright looking place, with its glowing grate—for Mrs. Birney always contended that nothing could make up for the want of an open fire, and home is hardly home, when parents and children are obliged to gather around a "hole in the floor." A fireside must be associated with home, in the minds of her children. Now, we will introduce you into Fanny's home for a short time. It is a week-day morning; and, as it happened to be baking day, Mrs. Birney and her maid Letty are very busy.

"Willy," said his mother to her eldest boy, who was six years old, "I am going to trust you to amuse the baby, while I make up the beds and sweep the rooms. Rose—this was Willy's little sister—may come with me; she can tie on her hood and saque to keep her warm, and make herself quite useful. Afterward, I am going to make pies and biscuit; and, at dinner-time, I intend you shall both have an apple turnover."

These turnovers, like those of Mr. Abbott's "Fergus," were the children's highest idea of luxury. They were made on baking day of raised dough, rolled very thin, filled with apples, and eaten with sugar and cream. The baby was then placed on a blanket doubled on the floor, while Willy did his best to amuse it. Rose was equally busy dusting the furniture, in order to "help Maria." Their little aid, they knew, was always appreciated; when they did well, they were judiciously commended; when they did wrong, they were reprov'd, or punished. At dinner-time, the labors of the day in this well-ordered family were nearly concluded; and, as Charles Birney sat down to a comfortable meal, with his smiling wife and children, he had never once been entertained with peevish complaints of how much work there had been to do.

"After dinner is over," said Mrs. Birney, "Letty can attend to baby; and, as Willy and Rose have not been much in the open air to-day, we are going to carry poor Mrs. Aiken a basket; times have been so hard, she has found it necessary to work for lower wages—and, since her husband broke his arm, they can scarcely get along. To-morrow, Willy, as it is Saturday, if you wish, you may invite Mary Aiken to spend the day with you and Rose—it will relieve her mother; and this afternoon, Charles," continued Mrs. Birney, turning to her husband, "I am going to take tea with Maria Bond; she will take no denial. Rose may go with me."

Fanny did not say so, but she was not on terms of intimacy with Maria; they were not congenial, but they were old acquaintances—and for a long time this visit had been promised; and, in order to show something of how Maria performs her duties, since she has become an actor in this world, with temptations, trials, and crosses to meet, and for which she was so illy prepared by education, we will accompany Mrs. Birney. There had been an evident attempt, in expectation of this visit, to put things to rights; but, notwithstanding this, Maria's parlor looked dingy and comfortless

enough, with its stained and faded carpet, the stuffing pulled out of the chairs, and the abuse of the furniture, generally, by a set of mischievous and troublesome children. Maria's face was sallow, and her silk dress soiled and ill-fitting; her collar and sleeves were of the finest lace, while her hair, which had already become thin from neglect, was decorated with large bows of pink ribbon and black velvet. Her little girl, who was a few months older than Rose Birney, was also dressed in the extreme of the fashion; her clothes were very short and full, every skirt richly trimmed with embroidery, while her neck and arms were bare. Maria was very glad to see her old friend Fanny, as she called her; but, when their shawls were removed, she could not refrain from a look of surprise at Mrs. Birney's close fitting merino dress, and Rose's dark delaine and flannel saque.

"Dear me, how healthy Rose looks!" she shortly afterwards remarked, on contrasting her with her own daughter: "Susie is forever taking cold."

"I have often thought," observed Fanny, pleasantly, "that, as a general thing, mothers pay too much attention to fashion, in dressing their children. Doubtless, if you were to protect Susan's throat and limbs, it would lessen her susceptibility to cold."

"Oh! no," answered Mrs. Bond, "I cannot bear to see children dressed like old women—it isn't that—she was always subject to cold. It seems to me nobody has such a time with children as I have. Mine are forever sick. John and Susie have both had croup within a fortnight. The baby has been teething; and, what with my own poor health, and the cook and nurse-maid, neither of them good for anything, you may imagine the life I lead; and there is Mr. Bond, he is always holding you up for an example. He says half my troubles are owing to my own management, but I know better than this; I would like to see any one in my state of health make themselves any more of a slave to their family than I do." Having commenced in this strain, Fanny thought Mrs. Bond never would get through, she enlarged upon it to such an extent. However, after a time, the conversation turned upon the subject of dress; and here, again, Maria was at home.

"Susie," said she, "do you run up stairs and bring down those two pocket-handkerchiefs ma bought yesterday; they are in the little box on my washstand. The lace is real Valenciennes. I gave four dollars apiece for them," said Ma-

ria, handing them to Mrs. Birney for inspection.

"They are very pretty," said Fanny, "but for my own part I never had much fancy for fine pocket-handkerchiefs; a plain linen cambric is good enough for me; and indeed, Maria, I often think we women spend a great deal of money unnecessarily in this way. Men rarely notice these things, and it is only a few females like ourselves, who know or care about the value of an article like this. And there are so many ways that money can be usefully and profitably employed."

At the conclusion of this remark Mr. Bond came in. His countenance was moody and care-worn, but it brightened into a smile on seeing Mrs. Birney. She was his standard of excellence in woman, and he was in the habit many times of fleeing from the discomforts of his own home to the fireside of the Birneys. Here agreeable conversation could always be enjoyed. The children, accustomed to regular habits, were sure to be in bed; and if the baby did chance to wake, it could smile as well as cry. In every respect the contrast between the home of the Birneys and his own was so great, as often to force a groan of discontent. Seeing at a glance, however, that his wife really had made an extra effort to entertain her guest, he sat down, prepared to make himself agreeable until tea was ready. The tea was such as might be expected of a house-keeper of Mrs. Bond's stamp: there were sausages floating in grease, hot biscuit, yellow with saleratus, a pound-cake, and some preserves.

"Does Rose take coffee? We always have coffee for supper," said Mrs. Bond, pouring out a cup of the strong, dark looking liquid.

"She will take water, if you please," said Mrs. Birney, really at a loss what to give the child to make a meal of; "and if you have any bread convenient I would thank you for a small slice for Rose, as her suppers are always of a very simple description."

"Cold bread!" cried Mrs. Bond, "we haven't got a particle in the house. We always have hot bread for breakfast and tea, my children have such poor appetites."

Mrs. Birney thought this was probably the cause of their poor appetites, but she merely said, "I am endeavoring to follow my mother's example in bringing up my family. They are clothed warmly, have plenty of exercise, with the food I think best for them, not what they desire themselves, and so far they have enjoyed almost perfect health."

"I want some molasses," called out little John Bond; "I can't eat without molasses."

"Get the molasses, Betty," said Mrs. Bond to the nurse maid.

John's biscuit was already saturated with melted butter, over this the molasses was poured, and with sausages and strong coffee constituted his supper.

"I want more coffee," cried Susie, who had put her cup to her mouth and drank it off without stopping to take breath; put in more sugar, ma, the last wasn't sweet enough."

Mrs. Birney could scarcely conceal her surprise, but she said nothing, until Mrs. Bond, breaking a biscuit, told her husband to put some gravy on it, and handed it to the nurse maid to feed the sixteen months' old baby. But to her gentle remonstrance Mrs. Bond replied decidedly, "I always feed my babies on what I eat myself, and our children get whatever they want that is on the table. I don't believe in such tender raising."

"But the digestive organs of young children are not adapted for such food," said Mrs. Birney, her sympathy for the pallid, miserable looking infant overcoming her politeness in a degree.

"That is just what I told Maria," interrupted Mr. Bond, with an expression of countenance Mrs. Birney was sorry to see, "and I have contrasted our puny, sickly looking brood with your blooming children; but she asserts that it is not in the mode of rearing, so I have given up the point. There are none so blind as those who will not see."

Mrs. Bond's care-worn face flushed with resentment as her husband uttered these words, and in order to avoid a "scene" Mrs. Birney hastily changed the conversation.

When Fanny returned to her well ordered home in the evening, after this unsatisfactory visit was paid, she thought she never had appreciated its comforts so much. The little parlor looked so warm and cheerful—Willy was already in bed, and the baby fast asleep, while her husband sat reading, every now and then touching the cradle with his foot.

"Oh, my dear Charles," said she, "how pleasant home is, and how much I thank my beloved mother for the daily lessons she taught me, both by precept and example. Also, for the personal labor I was obliged to perform, and the mental exertion I was under the necessity of making. Poor Maria, unless you happen to get on the subject of dress, her whole talk is a strain of lamentations on account of poor health, and the pains, cares and

difficulties of a married life. My own experience has been such that I scarcely know what to say to her; but really her children are turbulent and ill-behaved; and as to Mr. Bond, I confess I was surprised at his manner at home."

"He has been disappointed," said Mr. Birney, closing his book and looking up, when you might have observed that time had changed him perceptibly. United to a woman whose intellect had served to rouse and quicken his own, of unimpeachable principles, of elevated character, and prosperous in his business, he enjoyed the respect and esteem of the entire community; and it was evident, even to those who envied him, that Charles Birney was a rising man.

"Bond has been disappointed," repeated Mr. Birney. "He was truly an excellent fellow in every way at the time he was married. Maria has always delegated all her household duties to hirelings, altogether unfit for the trust, and her husband's life is embittered by the absence of every thing which goes to make home worthy of the name."

"Maria's mother has been to blame for the result we deplore," said Fanny, thoughtfully; "we each, however insignificant, have a place to fill among our fellow creatures, and mothers ought to train their children to find their happiness in exerting their faculties for great and good ends. I often wonder how people exist in a state of such passive indolence, with nothing to interest them but the latest fashions in dress. I can enjoy positive pleasures equally with any one, and I find opportunity for these, even with our limited means, but I should be sorry to weary you with complaints, and to feel ready to die of ennui, if I happen to have a quiet day to myself."

"I believe," answered Mr. Birney, "that one reason why women buy so much finery, is on account of the excitement it occasions to purchase and make it up. And how many valuable lives are sacrificed to false notions of gentility. I pity the poor victims themselves, but as there is a unity of interests in this world, men must necessarily be fellow sufferers, and it behoves the fathers and mothers of our land to look well to the errors which prevail in our present system of education, with a view to their correction."

And here the conversation ended for the present. For some time afterward, however, Fanny continued looking at her husband, wondering in her own mind whether the lot of any daughter of Eve ever had been quite so happy

as her own. While Charles, with his book upside down, sat musing, his heart throbbing with gratitude to the Giver of all good, who had provided such a help meet for him—while the good mother also enjoyed her promised reward, for her children had risen up and called her blessed.

LEWISBURG, PA.

Bes Primæ!

BY WILLIAM M. BRIGGS.

In a silence-haunted wood,
Steeped in greenest solitude,
Where the sunbeams, here and there,
Flushing thro' the emerald air,
Fell in slanted balustrade
Down the enamelled banks of shade
To the turf-beds, that below
Slept in the golden quivering glow;
Where a bird just now and then,
Sent a carol up the glen;
And the trees, all straight and trim,
Rose in pillars to the dim
Upward heaving of the branches,
With their leafy avalanches
Hanging motionless, and ever
Catching the lapse of the distant river,
That with music, soft and low,
In the brooding verdure seemed to tremble
To an inward joy it would fain dissemble,
With its delicate, delicate trill and flow;
While Dog-tooth violets at their feet
Twisted knots of golden splendor,
And a perfume, soft and tender,
Tells where young musk-roses meet,
And the wind-flowers, pale and single,
With the spiced *Arbutus* mingle
In the drowsiest depths of the dusky dingle;
There in a calm, delicious mood,
Cradled in summer solitude,
Where the crickets' trill and the wild bees' hum
To the passive ear of the dreamer come,
And the beetle's boom, as it sounds afar,
Peals like the tocsin of fairy-war,
And nature's wooings, soft and low,
Come in a rythmical murmur so;
I lay where Fancy loves to brood
In the sun-flecked core of the moss'd old wood,
And as the red west broke in flame,
This mystical dream to my vision came!

I.

On a mossy bank, where the sunshine lay
In springtide's flushing splendor,
A little child with the flowers at play,
Laughed in the glow of the dying day,
Trilling a song, now wild and gay,
And now half sad and tender;
Sometimes the tones were shrill and high,
As the lark pours out in the breezy sky,

And sometimes so gentle, soft, and low,
That they murmured away like a streamlet's flow,
As it gurgles out in the forest dim,—
Oh! it was joyous to look at him,
And wonder whether most bright and fair
Were the sunbright flowers, or his sunbright hair;
Or whether the violets' veined hue
Could mate with his fair eyes' azure hue;
Or whether his lips, to the wild flowers pressed,
Outrivalled the rosebuds' damask breast,
As there with the wild blooms scattered 'round.
He frolicked on the magic ground
Of boundless hope and pleasure,
A sweet young child, not over-gay,
But happy in a simple way,
While every added treasure,
Of singing bird and wandering bee,
And soft winds from the bending tree,
Seemed to leave some spell behind,
That lingered in his wakening mind;
While nature to his loving eye,
In all its speaking pageantry,
With nought that Art could lend her,
Lay like an open book, o'erstrewn
With flowers for alphabet, that shone
With such a joyous splendor,
That as he gazed on each wildwood flower,
He breathed the breath of their subtle power,
Half wondering, with their bright array,
That these sweet buds in so dear a way
So deep a text could render!
But the light came full to his clear blue eye,
Like the flash of a wing through a sunny sky,
As the first swift pulse of thought was stirred,
And the "still small voice," like a wakening bird,
Fluttered before its song was heard;
And the Boy amid the flowers,
Crew tearful in those wayside hours!

II.

Where the sea-surges on the strands
Poured their heavy breakers,
Groups of men with sinewy hands
Stood sweltering on the loosened sands,
Where, fastened with oaken beams and iron bands,
Soon the ship, slow building, stands,
God making them partakers
Of the toil and trouble of many lands:
Slowly the skeleton ribs arise;
Slowly the dew falls from the skies;
God looks into their souls' eyes,
And sees their great endeavor,
Simple and earnest, and blesses it ever!

III.

In the forest most dimly, by dews fed and tended,
Silent and sun-kissed the still nook lies,
Reaching its slopes to the friend-like skies,
Where thickly at nightfall the stars
In motionless crowds look down,
Peering through misty bars
Of amber air, and the dusky brown
Pointed with fire-flies, and blended

Into a luminous vapor, that ever
Clings 'round the heart of the river;
In the forest most dimly, the leaves
Fall slowly at autumn, the nook
Clasps them tenderly, and grieves
In the tears of the fast swelling brook;
Clasps them with browu husked fruitage, and
grieves
For the beautiful pride of the leaves;
When faintly the germ-scented air
Clings 'round the lips of the spring,
Where the brown nook with simple care
Warmly through the winter bare
Hid its ripe garnering;
Slowly the mould is stirred,
And the prayer of the patient nook is heard!

Thus in the Present lies the seed
Of the Future's glorious ripening;
Thus in the Present may we read,
From the secret act and the open deed,
The healthful flower, or the poisoned weed,
Each fearful blight or manly need,
Of a Future dark or brightening;
The Boy first taught in the sunny wood
His simple lesson of evil or good,
May away with a power that lasts for years
A sceptre of smiles, or a rod of tears,
Or a nation's proud relying,
And the acorn that fell in the solitude,
Shook by the tempest rough and rude,
Calmly shelters the wild bird's brood,
The tempest in scorn defying;
And the nook, that slowly and sadly of yore,
Like a mother, the infant acorn bore,
Joys in its stout oak-tree;
And the old men on the sandy shore
Cross their arms and toil no more,—
The ship is out at sea!
Thus in the Present may we read
The Future's wrought endeavor;
God bless us and God give us speed,
God help us in the little seed,
Constant and patient in our need;
God help us and bless us over!

THE ORIGIN OF SORROWS.—We fancy that all our afflictions are sent us directly from above; sometimes we think it in piety and contrition, but oftener in moroseness and discontent. It would be well, however, if we attempted to trace the causes of them; we should probably find their origin in some region of the heart, which we never had well explored, or in which we had secretly deposited our worst indulgences. The clouds that intercept the heavens from us, come not from the heavens, but from the earth.

Making the Most Of Our Opportunities.

BY PAUL LAURIE.

"He don't watch his opportunities. He has the same chances that the rest of us have. If I (how the speaker brought out that *I*!) if I were in Frank B.'s place, I would *create* opportunities. You know, when some one once told Napoleon that circumstances made men, he replied that he made circumstances."

"Ah!" replied the listener, "and do you think that Napoleon, with all his vanity, ever uttered that speech? Did Napoleon or Washington create revolutions? and yet who does not know that the French and American Revolutions afforded them 'opportunities' to establish their greatness. When you speak of *creative* power, there Frank B.—is the equal of any man, and yet he has not impressed the 'world' with any great faith either in his abilities or integrity."

"All his own fault, Dick. Depend upon it there is something lacking. For my part, I always judge a man by his success in the world."

So saying, the speaker buttoned his overcoat up closely, and sallied out into the falling snow, leaving Richard Goodwin sitting before his office fire, absorbed in the following reflections:—

So, my friend Oxley judges a man by his success in the world! I wonder where Tom would be to-day if old Harry Moreton had not started him in business? *His* success is easily accounted for. Now, I remember very well how, when Tom and Frank and I attended school together, Tom had the foremost place in our amusements, on the same principle that the cross-stitch baby obtains the most sweetmeats—to close his mouth; for although Frank was in reality the prime favorite, he always yielded to Tom Oxley, preferring, like the rest of us, to sacrifice every thing rather than listen to Tom's grumbling. Frank always thought of others, and was averse to thrusting himself forward. Tom always thought of himself, and compelled others to think of him too. Frank delighted in performing a good action when it did not attract attention, and accommodated his friends at the expense of his own comfort. Tom had twenty excuses, and managed to have his clever actions observed.

Harry has acquired the reputation of a consistent church member, and belongs to various

associations, not because he endorses their principles, but as a matter of pure policy, which has for its aim the applause of the world and the advancement of his pecuniary interests. Frank, who is scrupulous, and a hearty hater of hypocrisy, although one of the purest, strictly sincere and moral men I have ever known, has never wholly endorsed the sentiments of any denomination or political clique. Tom, believing in expediency, says "the end justifies the means." Frank replies, "Your motto is detestable." He has a rare mind, which he cultivates assiduously; as a companion, he is invaluable; he has the manners of a gentleman, original ideas, and a stock of information something larger than one life usually acquires or comprehends: these, with his temperate views, rectitude, and strong common sense, make up a very superior man. What Frank would conduct independent of a guide, Tom might perhaps manage with an example before him as a pattern to follow after. The one has a fund of native resources, the other never originated an idea in his life. Frank is the more deserving; Tom is the greater recipient. With less honesty, less modesty, and far less talent, but more subserviency to "the times," Tom has arisen from humble life to notoriety and affluence, and from the constant repetition of the title has at last come to believe himself the "Architect of his own fortunes."

Now, a man who makes the most of his opportunities; a man who will not be beaten back, but comes up to the line with a determined "I'll-try-again" manner—a *self-made* man, commands the respect of the world. It makes no difference, that I can perceive, in the eyes of the world, whether he hammers his way up on an anvil, pulls it up with a waxed thread, or carves it out in the dissecting-room; if he proves himself a *man*, with a fearless heart and a persevering head, we acknowledge his superiority and genius, while we prize him for his good qualities. More than that,—it is pretty generally conceded that our self-made men wear the best, hold out the longest, and fill up the largest ruts in the Road of Progression. The world is certainly indebted to self-made men *when their lives are good*; but the self-made lottery dealer, pirate, or bandit captain—that is a different sort of person altogether.

But to return to Oxley: is he the architect of his own fortune? If by fortune he means wealth, I grant it. But I can conceive nothing easier in the world, than the accumulation of

money by a healthy young man, who has no one depending upon him, if he make that his sole aim. To be sure, he will deny himself innocent enjoyments; he will stifle his noblest feelings; he cannot exercise charity; he cannot appreciate the tints of the clouds overhead, or the beauties of a picture, when there is a veil of bank notes before his eyes. The sweetest music is nothing to a man whose ears are filled with the clink of coin; the most interesting of histories must give way to maps of real estate, deeds, bonds and mortgages; science is superfluous beyond a certain point—the computation of simple and compound interest, the measurement of lands and ribbons, the weighing of grain and—gold! Art and Poetry! what are they to a man whose heart is bent upon the accumulation of riches!

Such an one, with very moderate talents, can at any time be the architect of his own fortune, *i. e.*, the possessor of gold and lands; but we all know the fate of such men; their irascible old age, which, of all the joyless things in the world is the most joyless, with its neglected mind, its selfish heart, and its horror of solitude. Whoever witnessed such a man enjoying serene old age? But we have frequently observed them with their *hired* companions and consolars, when wheedling failed to induce their acquaintances to submit to their caprices. Heaven forbid the "architecture" of such fortunes! They remind me of a saying concerning the making of our own beds. And yet I fear Tom Oxley's "success" is simply the making of a very hard bed for himself. The world toasts his charity, his energy, his liberality, his kindness, and his public spirit; and yet his charity bears a very small proportion to his benefits, while his liberality is like that of the gambler, who, after he has reaped a rich harvest in play, affects liberality and generosity while handing back a five dollar note to his dupe:—so, my friend Oxley, whose wealth and position serves him better in a crowd than the best pair of shoulders in the commonwealth, thrusts his competitors aside in the pursuit of riches and the fame it confers. You may see this illustrated in the grocery. Poorer customers stand back until he tries the flavor of the cheese; if it pleases him, it is extremely doubtful if you will have an opportunity to smell the case; but if you receive the rind, you may ascribe it to his generosity.

To go into the future:—Ten, twenty years hence, will Tom Oxley love money for the power and influence it confers, or will he become an object of compassion, perhaps scorn—

a miser—something but little removed from a brute, a human being of the lowest order? Is there anything more shocking than the death of a man for want—"want" of the necessities of physical life, while counting over his shining coin, dying "as the fool dieth," in absolute poverty, since he has laid up nothing "where moth and rust doth not corrupt?" Who mourns the death of such a man? Not a sigh, not a tear, not a word of regret; for society experiences no loss in the death of a miser.

No! Judging Oxley's life by its fruits, I must say I think it a failure, so far. And now, to return to Frank B.

Frank started out in life with Oxley and I. To-day, (and for aught I know, unless his sister should marry again, it will be the same five years hence,) he delves away at a miserable salary, barely sufficient to support his sister and her deformed child, with whom he would cheerfully share his last crust, and whom he would not desert for all the wealth and honors the world could bestow upon him. For their sake he practices self-denial in a thousand forms, grappling sternly and courageously with the necessities of an exacting life; a brave heart in a faithful armor. He is conscious of his talents, but no one has ever heard him complain of neglect, or whispering a breath of envy; and yet I believe that his philosophy alone has prevented the cold breath of mankind from freezing around his heart. And yet his influence is unmistakable; it is an influence as magical as the Spring, that robes the fields and forests in green, and causes the rose and lily to bloom, whilst bidding the birds to awake the aisles of the forest with their minstrelsy. Ask his sister, and his deformed niece; ask any of his friends, to explain it—they cannot. They may tell you that science, art, and literature, and the knowledge of many things, material and immaterial, contribute to it; for Frank's spirit, ever conscious of its immortality, presses forward in the attainment of knowledge, calculated to give happiness in the life beyond, as well as pleasure in the present; but they will very likely add, that his intellectual culture is overshadowed by his honesty and goodness.

Now, to me, there is something grand and beautiful in his life, and I pity the world oftener for its willful blindness, in passing him by, than I pity him for the neglect.

But his future promises a still higher life, and beyond the grave, ultimate happiness; while his remembrance and name will live in many a sigh, and bedew the cold earth above

his head with many a tear, when others, now mighty, shall be blotted from the records of mankind. Tom Oxley pities him to-day—how long will it be before he reviews his own life, with unavailing regret, while his glimpse at Frank's will cause his cheeks to mantle with shame. Then it will be determined which of the two lives has been successful.

"For my part," and here Richard Goodwin rose to his feet, and placed his hat upon his head firmly, as he prepared to leave his office, "for my part, I will endeavour to copy after Frank."

Happy Homes.

Mrs. J. C. Colby, in a recent number of the *Ohio Cultivator*, thus discourses on a theme of the highest interest to all:

"*Happy Homes!* how the lips love to linger over the sound, and what a world of meaning it conveys to those who have known and lost so priceless a possession. It is, however, true, that the word *home* is losing to our flighty American ears much of its sacred significance. They seem to us to be not all the same, as in the olden time, when children rested under the same roof which had sheltered their fathers, when 'evenings at home' were anticipated with pleasure after the labor of the day, when pancakes were made on Shrove Tuesday, 'hot-cross buns' on Good Friday, and every birthday was signalled by an extra plum-cake. We even remember with regret the orthodox *three* doses of 'salts and senna,' which every well brought up child received twice in the year, whether they were ailing or not, and the 'Spring' mixture of sulphur and molasses, to 'keep off bad humors.' Children were not then permitted to eat meat, gravy, pastry, butter, hot bread, candy, molasses, cake, and drink tea and coffee, *ad libitum*, and were not always sick, and obliged to be dosed. Mothers, too, in those days, set up as judges of what it was proper for their children to have, and to do, and did not always yield to their whims, or let them have what they wanted because they cried for it. Somehow, we think this system made better and more healthy children; it at any rate made quieter, more agreeable, and happier homes.

"With the luxuries, the indulgence, the anxiety to get rich, of modern times, has come a thousand disturbing influences to the peace and quiet of nearly every family in the land. Children are no longer looked upon as blessings, but rather as necessary evils, and a

'houseful of children' is the most common method of expressing misery and discomfort. The remedy for this evil lies in the hands of parents, principally in those of the mother. Men neglect their duty by running here and there, to this meeting or that club, or permitting business to trespass on those hours which should be devoted to adding their quota to the general family fund of interest and enjoyment. But this is a selfish habit which they acquire as young men, and which it is the business of their wives to win them from, by making home the most attractive to them, and endeavoring to inspire a pleasure in the duties which new responsibilities bring. Nervousness, querulousness, head-aches, fretting about trifles, should not be permitted to destroy the peace of the family circle. Because butter is lower, and sugar is higher, or some other person has started in the same business in the same town, is no reason why the whole family should suffer discomfort. Why cannot the fable of the 'skeleton in every house' be changed to the reality of a spirit of love and dearly cherished happiness, which would remain unchanged by circumstances. Oh! mothers, be the angels of your own homes; do not let selfish repinings cloud its sunshine; make them bright, and cheerful, so that even a stranger stepping within its magic circle, shall feel its warmth and power. You cannot tell the influence it will have on those nearest to you; you may never know the thoughts it awakened, the impulses it has quickened for good, the aspirations which the patient working out of your own life will make realities. All this and much more could be accomplished by one happy home. Wife, mother, shall it not be yours?"

SUNSHINY HEARTS AND FACES.—Everything, animate and inanimate, turns to the sunbeams. We instinctively avoid cloudy days and cloudy faces. We give a warmer welcome at our fireside and our table to the undisputatious, than to the man who is eternally dissecting the skeletons of things, till his charnel-house conversation throws a chill on every warm, healthful feeling. We give the preference to the man who greets the rising sun with emotions of pleasure, and not simply as an astronomical phenomenon, and whose eye, as it watches its setting, has "no speculation in it." In fact, we prefer a jolly, healthy human being. The disappointing chances of life have not left so many of them that one can afford to let them pass without a warm-hearted grip.

LAY SERMONS.

Down in the Valley.

Since my last meeting with Mrs. Abercrombie, she had been down in the valley; away down, in dark, gloomy, and bewildering places. She had suffered both affliction and misfortune; heart-trials, that left a heart-ache behind, long after the trials had passed.

I remembered her as an attractive, intelligent, worldly woman, whose thought rested, apparently, almost entirely in outward things; a charming companion always, in whose society the mind found pleasant recreation, if not interior strength. I was now to meet her as one who had known sorrow and adversity; as one who had suffered trial and pain; as one who had gone down into the valley of grief and humiliation, and ascended again into the open day.

"On which side of this valley has she ascended?" I said to myself. "On the side from which she went down, or on the other side, where ways lead up to higher mountains and purer regions?"

I felt some interest in the question. Without sorrow, misfortune, or suffering of some kind, few ever rise out of the lower stratum of life, but live on in poor worldliness, drawing, from mere external things, a gross aliment from which the immortal spirit turns in loathing. To many, alas! the discipline of sorrow comes in vain. They go down into the valley, and wander there, in darkness and complaint for awhile, but find not the paths leading therefrom to the mountains of regeneration, that lift their green summits beyond, up toward the blue heavens of God's love. In ascending from a mere natural sorrow, in the pains of which no spiritual life is born, they return on the side from which they went down, to find the old brightness departed from the sky, and the old beauty from the fading landscape. Alas, for such! They suffer the anguish of death, but have no joy in the birth of sons or daughters. We may hope that the number of such is small; that of those who go down into the valley, the larger portion come out on the other side, and dwell, in some altitude, on the mountains that rise above.

This valley and these mountains are not a mere figure of speech. Their existence is as real as the soul itself—as real as natural valleys and mountains, to our physical bodies. And this leads to the notice of a fact, which all persons of true observation have remarked; the apparent height and distance, at which some of those who have passed through great sorrows and misfortunes stand. We

look into their natural faces; their voices are in our ears; their hands rest in our hands—and yet there seems an almost immeasurable distance between us. We are conscious that they have risen above the meanly selfish in our nature; that they are standing somehow above us, and see over a broader spiritual landscape than it is possible for our eyes to reach.

These have been down into the valley of self-humiliation, and come up from its sorrows and darkness, on the heavenward side. They are ascending the celestial mountains: they are, as to spiritual states, afar off and higher than we.

"Has my old friend ascended on the other side?" I asked myself, in anticipation of a meeting with Mrs. Abercrombie.

"Yes, on the other side!" I was in no doubt as to the truth, when my eyes rested on her face, and so answered my own question. "Yes, on the other side!" I repeated, as I held her hand, and looked into her calm, peaceful eyes, that seemed as a deep well, in which you saw only the reflection of heaven.

I had a distinct remembrance of my last meeting with Mrs. Abercrombie three years before, and held in my thought a clear impression of her state and personality. Her face, with almost every light word, rippled in sunbeams, and her voice was musical with laughter. She was witty, brilliant, critical and sarcastic by turns, but always interesting. Even what she said at the expense of others, provoked a smile. You forgot, in the ludicrous ideas that came into your mind, the wrong inflicted upon another—even repeating her smart sarcasms, without reflecting on their injustice and power to do harm.

Now, the old, sunny play of features, and the merry trilling tones, were gone. The grave quiet of her manner, the placidity of her countenance, and the low measures in her voice, gave, at first, an impression of sadness, as if she were yet in pain, or darkness, or doubt. But, I soon perceived a quality of thought in her sentences, that obliterated this impression. If the sunlight of natural joyousness did not play in reflections over her countenance, through the transparent tissues of her face you saw an inner light, which drew its sustenance from the sun of divine love. If her voice did not break out in laughter, it had a tone of tenderness and sweetness to which it was a stranger before. Affection and thought had receded from a dependent interest on the outer world, and were now dwelling in the true, substantial, and abiding things of the inner world; not, however, in any false, anchoritic spirit

of separation from the world, but in an unselfish life of good deeds in the world.

While her conversation dwelt more in states of life, than in external things, there was a beautiful regard for others, in all she said, in singular contrast with an indifference most palpably seen before. No light witticisms passed her lips; no keen sarcasm, even upon the evil; no words of censure toward any one. I noticed this with pleasure, and I may confess, with rebuke. She was standing on the other side of the valley, through which it might be my turn next to pass—the valley of suffering and natural humiliation—was ascending a spiritual mountain, and breathing in a purer air than swelled my lungs, or vitalized the blood in my heart. Near her, though I sat and talked, I felt that, in some things, she was afar off and above me. Two years before, she had worldly goods and troops of friends; now, she was poor, neglected, forgotten by many—and yet, she had risen to a higher place, and was happier. She had been down in the valley, and ascended on the farther side; and they who would live the higher, purer, better life that she is living, must go down also.

There are some, who, in prayer and self-denial, go down of themselves into the valley of humiliation; go down, we mean, without the compelling power of affliction or misfortune; and these ascend on the mountain side. Reader, will you thus go down, in a daily conquest of evil, through God-given strength?—or, will you, like Mrs. Abercrombie, hold on to the selfish pleasures of natural life, until the Father who chastens for good, break your

idols in pieces. It were better and wiser to turn the heart, in a voluntary denial of the unsatisfying claims of natural life, away from the world and its glittering vanities, than to suffer the bitter pains that attend the death of our selfish affections. These selfish affections must be extirpated from the gardens of our hearts, before heavenly plants can grow there; and so, in infinite mercy, our loving Father uproots and removes them. Ah, in what tears and groans do we express our pain! How we cling to, and grasp after our fading good! It seems as if Egyptian night had fallen upon our world. We are away down in the sunless valley. But, for the unsatisfying and perishing good which is taken, the Lord is reserving for us infinite and eternal blessings. He causes us to go down into graves, but only that a resurrection into a higher and purer life may follow. He darkens the sun of our sensuous and worldly life, in order that we may lift our eyes to the higher heavens, where shines forever the Sun of Righteousness. He leads us through a fearful valley, only to show us the way to the mountains of delight.

Let us be patient, hopeful, and confiding, when our skies grow stormy, and our ways descend into gloomy, uncertain and dangerous places. If we look upward—if we put our trust in God—if we turn our eyes toward the heavenly hill-tops, we shall not lose our way in the darksome valley, but come out surely on the other side, where paths of pleasantness and peace lead upward to the dwelling of angels.

T. S. A.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Early Discipline.

BY M. D. R. R.

Although there can be no reasonable doubt in the mind of every intelligent person that children must be subjected to some course of discipline, yet there exists a considerable variety of opinions as to the means by which this system of training shall be carried out.

One class, with peculiar notions of what is termed the "innate nobleness of human nature,"—"the dignity of mind," ignores the fact, that every son and daughter of our fallen race has a proneness to err, a disposition to choose evil instead of good, which is developed at a very early period in life. These are the advocates for "moral sunsion," "Young Americanism," and every other mode of insubordination, tending to undermine the good old landmarks of society, and cause the young and rising generation to set at naught the authority of the father, and despise the law of the mother.

Another, rigidly enforcing Solomon's rule with regard to the coercive form of government, and having a strong arm with which to dispense it, employ what may be called "brute force" to keep their children in the right paths. Very few there are with whom this is a matter of conscience, prayerfully and tearfully resorted to, when every other means have failed. "A word and a blow" is the quick, sharp way which many a mother, especially in the lower ranks of society, finds a ready safety-valve for a passionate temper. Alas! mothers, how often is this impatient and imperious disposition imitated by your children, and by them used, as occasion may offer, in tyrannizing over the infant brother or sister committed to their care!

There are errors in both these theories, and each requires some modifications. The truth, as is generally the case, may be found between the two, and a middle course safely adopted. There is a form of government, at once gentle and firm, fittingly described by the old axiom, "*Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*," which deserves to be the motto of every

well-ordered family. Kind, patient and loving, what a ministering spirit is the mother in the household! Yet when there is need for it, how it becomes her to mete out just reproof and even punishment to the youthful transgressor! What ought to be the precise nature of this corrective element must be determined by her; and it requires no small tact and discrimination on her part to do so. With some sensitive, delicate organizations, the loss of the mother's accustomed smile, the withdrawal of her approbation, are sufficient to bring down the rebellious spirit, and break the stubborn will. On the other hand, obstinate and unfeeling characters are often found in the same family circle, with whom it is necessary to pursue quite a different line of conduct. It is the unvaried persistence in one set of rules, which, like the bed of Procrustes, brings all to one level, that causes so much trouble in managing even the children of one family. Care should be taken that each one has the treatment that his peculiar temperament demands.

Take, as an illustration, the system of training which is carried on in any well ordered garden. How like to these tender and beautiful plants are the human blossoms that spring up around our daily pathways!—the same in loveliness, the same, alas! in their too often early passing away. But it is not with their beauty or fragility that we have to do at present. Observe how differently some plants must be managed from others. One must be carefully protected from wind and weather; another sturdily resists all the changes of the seasons, and its rugged, hardy nature seems to disdain care, nay, to flourish in defiance of every obstacle. Some require support for their delicate tendrils to cling to; while there are plants which, like the polypus in the animal world, will grow from a single leaf or stem broken from the parent tree. So in our social gardens, the mother must act with prudence and care, lest unwittingly she wound where she had meant to heal.

But the hinge upon which all these difficulties in family government really turn, is the want of establishing a proper period for commencing operations. Just as it is erroneously supposed that education is completed when school tasks and school attendance have been relinquished, so is the far greater one of assuming for granted that children are too young to be educated or subjected to parental discipline until they can be reasoned with, and persuaded into doing right. Long before a child can understand the words and phrases of the new language into which he is daily being initiated, he is acquiring habits, which, in due regard for his own well doing and the peace of society, ought to be dealt with by an unsparring hand.

"We must soon begin to educate our boy," a husband once observed to his young wife, as together they admired the developing graces of their first born child. "That I have already commenced," said the mother; "from his very birth he has been subject to discipline. During the first

two nights of his existence, it was thought necessary to keep a light in my chamber. When it was discontinued, the infant missed it, and was restless and wakeful, as if watching for its reappearance. To conquer this habit was the beginning of his education."

How far such a plan can be pursued, depends very much upon circumstances. There may be sickness, and other cases of necessity, that require a different treatment. But the judicious mother, who has at heart the welfare of her children, will find it to her advantage to commence early to make impressions for good. Implant early those fixed principles of right, which may, by the Divine blessing, uproot the rank natural growth of evil in the heart.

Let us go back again to our simile of the garden. Next to its beauty, and indeed essential parts of that very beauty, are its neatness and order. We know that flowers and fruits are not the spontaneous productions of the soil—that thorns and thistles abound, to cause man to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. This curse of the lost Eden is felt by every tiller of the ground. And when we look upon the rows of symmetrical trees in a fine orchard, we may be sure that the pruning knife has been *early* at work, lopping off decayed or superfluous branches; the tender sapling has been *early* bound to a stout stake to insure a straight and vigorous growth. And in the garden plot, if weeds are not subdued in the very first stages of their existence, they will soon become a formidable task to encounter. So with the weeds of pride, selfishness and ill-temper, in the growing character of a child. Mothers do not know what a herculean labor they are preparing for themselves, when they put afar off the period of commencing a course of discipline. When they allow their little ones to suppose that they are of the first importance, and the rights of every member of the family may be infringed at pleasure; or permit one, who is slightly an invalid, to partake of a dainty, and appropriate toys—all of which might be shared with brothers and sisters, or little companions—makes a child selfish and exacting, and fosters habits that will make him at last both unhappy, and a cause of unhappiness in those whose jealousy has been excited by the unwise partiality.

Children may very early be disciplined to become useful. The "toddling wee thing," as it creeps along the floor, or sidles carefully from chair to chair, can be made to understand that mother's spool or handkerchief is wanted, and its gleeful smiles show that it comprehends, and is proud of the commission. As the little one gets older, it may be taught to gather up its building blocks or card pictures, just as easily as to scatter them. Daughters in this way learn to give their overtaken mother efficient aid, and acquire habits of order for themselves. Then by degrees they may be required to keep the book shelves neatly, dust the furniture, or smooth the coverings of a bed, before they have strength to manage the turning of a mattress or the

shaking of a pillow. How soon they may be interested in the mysteries of the needle, by shaping garments for their dolls, and how quickly the transition is made to a helpful participation in the multitudinous sewing of a family, every careful mother knows.

With time comes discipline in branches of culinary economy also, certainly needful, and conducing in an eminent degree, both to the comfort and peace of a household. If a lady have skill to prepare with her own hands a nicely broiled steak, clear amber colored coffee, and light snowy rolls for her husband's breakfast, there will be less need to lament over "that greatest plague in life"—want of proper help in the kitchen department—and the atmosphere of that home will be unclouded by fretfulness and discontent.

Nor let it be said that such employments are but unmitigated drudgery. One of the best aids to health, is this natural system of gymnastics, in which the muscles have full room to develop themselves; and no mother or wife need be ashamed of helping to provide articles that are such a daily source of enjoyment to her husband and children. If circumstances permit, the exercise of this art can be readily laid aside in future years, but a knowledge of it is no loss, even should it never come in further use than to direct domestic help, or train up daughters in this needful branch of education.

As to its being a menial occupation, queens and princesses have not disdained it. We read in Scripture, that Sarah—whose very name signifies a *princess*—took meal, and did knead it, and made cakes on the hearth. At least she was directed to do so by her husband, and as she gave him reverence, calling him "lord," we have no reason to suppose that in this instance she disobeyed his commands. Both Greek and Roman history, also, afford examples of persons in eminent stations preparing food with their own hands, in days too, when "cooking ranges," "gas heaters," and "Old Dominion coffee pots," with the many other devices of the "lords of creation," to aid the "fairer part," in their home duties, were entirely unknown.

May we not then hope that the future generation of mothers, will be so well disciplined by those of the present, in all useful and good habits, that there will be less need hereafter for this oft-repeated "line upon line, and precept upon precept?"

A Wayward Child.

"Oh, just as you please," said Mrs. Lewiston, in a cold way. "Just as you please. Get into bed. If you don't care about having the angels watch over you through the night, get into bed, and go to sleep, without praying to the good Lord. Maybe you can take care of yourself."

The child, a little boy nearly six years old, got

into his bed, and turning his face away from his mother, shut his eyes, and lay as still as if sleeping.

Mrs. Lewiston was disappointed. She had hoped, by an affectation of indifference, and a suggestion of the child's helplessness in slumber, to turn the current of his feelings in the right direction. His refusal to say his prayers, had a little annoyed as well as disturbed her. She understood the value of all pious states in children, and especially that dependent acknowledgment of God as a protector in the helpless oblivion of sleep, which was involved in the nightly prayer; and so, from the beginning of thought in her boy, she had taught him to kneel by his bedside, with small hands clasped, and pray to his Father in Heaven.

For a little while Mrs. Lewiston stood, looking down upon her boy, in expectation, momentarily, of seeing him turn toward her, and with a repentant face, offer to say the evening prayer. But no; her tone and words had failed to move him. They had no tender love in them; no winning power. They repelled, instead of attracting. Not by coldness or indifference was that wayward spirit to be moved.

Mrs. Lewiston sighed, as a deeper shade crept over her feelings. She did not like the states into which her boy occasionally subsided—states of silent willfulness; stubbornness, his father called them—and she was yet wholly at fault in the discipline by which she had endeavored to remove them. A feeling of annoyance had, in most instances, blinded her right perceptions.

"Very well," she said, still trying to move the child by a propelling rather than by an attracting power. "If Franky doesn't want the angels to take care of him, he can go to sleep. I should be afraid. But Franky is a great strong boy and can take care of himself."

And Mrs. Lewiston turned down the light and went from the room.

"This will not do," she said to herself, stopping a little way from the chamber door. "If he should have his way to-night, he will, in all probability, refuse to repeat his prayers to-morrow night."

She stood very still, listening. She hoped that Franky, after her withdrawal from the room, would, of his own accord, get upon his knees. But, no; his state remained unchanged.

Then Mrs. Lewiston returned to her chamber, and going to Franky's bedside, sat down, and bending over him, said, in a tender, coaxing voice—

"Come, darling! Say your prayers. I'm afraid to let you go to sleep without calling the angels around you."

But the child gave no sign.

"Franky, dear!" she laid a hand on him, and tried to turn him toward her: but he resisted. The impassive mood which had troubled the mother's heart so often, was on him. Throbs of impatience ran along her pulses; but she repressed them.

"What shall I do?" was the mental ejaculation that expressed her troubled state of mind. Re-

membrances of former scenes with the strangely constituted child came in to sadden and perplex. Persuasion, remonstrance, threats, even force, had been of no avail, seeming rather to increase than change his unhappy mental condition. Getting up from the bedside, Mrs. Lewiston, crossed the room, and after raising the light, sat down by a table to think. As she did so, her hand rested on a Bible. She turned her eyes upon the book, and taking it up, opened without design, to the second chapter of Matthew. The thought came into her mind to read aloud, and in a low, distinct, tender voice, she read of Christ's nativity—read, as if for her own ears alone, yet so that Franky might hear.

Still, as if sleeping, the child lay; yet, into the mother's heart was coming a peaceful assurance that an influence from Heaven, through the Word, was passing into his soul.

The chapter was concluded, and yet her boy's head had not stirred from the pillow. Then Mrs. Lewiston read passages, here and there, from the Sermon on the Mount, among them the prayer "Our Father," which the Lord taught to his disciples. Ere she was half through this prayer, Frank

had risen up in bed, kneeling, with his hands clasped together. His mother read on, and he remained kneeling until the "amen," was said. Then he laid himself down, a long, deep sigh of relief trembling out upon the air.

Silence was in the chamber. Mrs. Lewiston felt that she had overcome, in the strife with her child, through the power of heaven flowing into his soul. God's Word had been more potent than her word, in changing his state of opposition. The evil spirits which were infesting and disturbing him, could not abide the presence of this Holy Word in his thought, and so withdrew, with all their hindrances and obstructions.

"Dear Franky!" said the mother, as she laid her lips on his pure forehead. "I leave you, now, with the angels who keep us through the darkness in safety. Good-night, my precious one! Good-night!"

His arms were flung about her neck; he gave back the kiss with loving ardor; and then turning to his pillow, went sweetly to sleep. The mother had conquered, but not in her own strength.

S. A.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

Suggestions on Health.

NO. IV.

BY HATTIE HOPEFUL.

You have looked at the dress for a young lady in the September number of the magazine—so have I. You perhaps thought it a lovely way of dressing the beautiful form of a young lady. You admired her snug, tapering waist, bare arms, and thinly dressed chest. Then you desecrated on the beauty and loveliness of those flowers she held in her hand. Those flowers are beautiful, as they came from the hand of God, who is the Author and Perfecter of all beauty and loveliness. But do you reflect that God did not give that young lady's form the shape it now has, any more than He gave such little feet to the Chinese women, or flat heads to a certain tribe of Indians. Art did this, from a vain and unholy motive. Vain, because it neither creates beauty nor usefulness—unholy, because it mars God's workmanship, and is virtually saying His work is not perfect.

Did that young lady dress and live in all other respects as God would have her live, there would be flowers on her cheeks as lovely as the ones she holds in her hands, and far more durable! Oh, it is a sad, sad sight, to see so many in childhood and youth, from whose cheeks the flowers of health and beauty have so early faded! The victims know this, and in some cases, try to create artificial

beauty; but let none be content with artificial beauty.

Remember, God is the architect of your frames, and you sin when you mar them by art, and destroy their healthfulness and usefulness. He gave all lungs to expand, and fill with the pure air of earth, which imparts strength and vivacity to the mind and muscles. But how can that young lady's lungs expand, encased as they are in tight clothing? In all such dresses, the lungs, and other internal organs, (without which we cannot live) are crowded out of shape, and out of their natural place. Can any reflecting being think God is pleased when we thus mar His workmanship, and destroy that health and vigor that He designed us to enjoy in this world?

Pride, or a desire to be fashionable, is very sinful, because no one can live according to the fashions of these times, and live out half their days, or be healthful and useful while they do live! If we have a hope of blessedness beyond the grave—an assurance of a "Mansion not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens," let us not be impatient to hurry ourselves into it before our Father's time.

God's voice speaks through the physical system, saying—this is the workmanship of My hands. An examination of all its parts—its relation to God and Nature, proves that it is sadly marred by art or fashion. Ought not intelligent beings to institute and perpetuate such customs only as shall tend to promote the most harmonious, physical, moral

and intellectual health? Say, you that the knowledge of life and health must be confined to certain individuals only? This is a mistake—on this subject the world has ever been mistaken! Individuals, families, and nations of invalids prove this. The little graves in every cemetery, and the numerous band of orphaned children, prove it. The devastating inroads of intemperance and crime prove it. The frequent health-destroying use of tobacco proves it, and in short, every health-destroying custom, proves that all, at an early period of life, should be taught the nature and workmanship of the human form—the best means of preserving it in health, and the most natural means of restoring lost health. Intelligent beings cannot engage in a more humane or benevolent scheme. Disease, pain, sorrow and mourning, meet us on every hand. Very few can we find who are able to finish the work God designed them to do on the earth!

Would all estimate life in this world as a gift from God—a gift for whose care and culture we are responsible, and by all means in their power seek to learn its physiology or hygiene, an untold amount of suffering might be avoided. It is the duty of all to do this. All have time enough to devote to dress; let them see to it that they devise a healthful mode of dress, which will be admired by all sensible people so soon as custom dictates it to be the proper style. In the June number of the Home Magazine, page 374, is a description of the dress worn by Rosa Bonheur, which is far superior for healthfulness to any dress worn by fashionable

ladies. It gives room and freedom to the lungs—is so short as to be out of the dust, mud and wet in walking, leaving both hands of the wearer free for other purposes than trying to hold up the dress, which is usually imperfectly and ungracefully done, to say the least. If all women would at once adopt her style of dress, they, their children, husbands, fathers, brothers, and the world, might be made far happier by the great change produced in their health and spirits, and many of them, very many, might be enabled to take more invigorating out-door exercise, which would invite the roses back to their cheeks, strength to their muscles, appetite to their stomachs, and peace and contentment to their minds.

Try it, you who sweep the sidewalks with your rich silks, and see if conscientiousness does not lead you to wonder why you had not always made a more benevolent use of the bottom of your dress! Try it, you weary and desponding ones, who can scarcely drag your long and cumbrous clothing along, and see if you do not feel as though life had some comfort still left you. Try it, young ladies, in the morning of your days, and many of you may yet become healthful, useful, and attain that longevity which otherwise many of you will never reach! Like Rosa Bonheur, fear not to wear a dress which gives freedom of motion to all parts of the system, and, like her, you may become healthful, useful, and be enabled by your example to paint the flowers of health and happiness on other cheeks than your own.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

May's Happy New Year.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

(See Engraving.)

"I have said my prayers, Aunt Mary." The voice suited the lips, out of which it came like a tune—lips which were like twin rose-buds cleft apart by a sunbeam.

And Aunt Mary came to the bedside, and leaned over the sweet face of May Deming, and kissed the lips that were like rose-buds, and said: "Well, good night, my dear little niece. May God send his angels to keep watch over you through the darkness!"

And May put her soft arms around her aunt's neck, and whispered: "Do you think, aunty, that God will send somebody else beside the angels—somebody that—you know!"

A smile flickered into Aunt Mary's eyes—for she knew just the words which would have completed that broken sentence—for the old year was going out that night, through the gates of time, and the

new one was coming in; and May wanted, as all little girls do, that it should come to her with its hands full of gifts—gifts of rare and pretty toys, which should fill the heart with joy and gladness all the day.

"My dear child," said Aunt Mary, "it is best to go to sleep now, and wait and see what God will send you in the morning."

And May laid down on the dainty pillows, under the rose-colored curtains, and the eyelids dropped softly over her blue eyes, and she did not see the sweet-faced angel who came and kept its guardian watch over her slumber that night, and filled it with dreams, which hovered in beautiful visions and sounds of music about her.

May Deming was an orphan—but she never knew the meaning of that sad word—for her grandfather and her aunt took her to their luxurious home, and sheltered her childhood from every want, and she was to them like a sweet and fragrant blossom in that atmosphere of love and luxury.

The New Year's morning broke softly into the chamber where May Deming lay in her sleep.

It flushed the rose-colored curtains—it flickered in golden light over the carved bedstead, and about the heavily embossed table cover, whose crimson fringes swept the carpet; and the angel smiled, and rose upward, as a golden shaft of light quivered along the thick closed lashes of May Deming.

The little girl moved uneasily, and at last her eyes opened, and looked on the smiling face of the New Year. She rose up in bed; her eyes fell with wonder and delight upon the table; her little hands were reached out—and May took the gifts which God had sent her during the night.

I love to look at her now; and the more I look, the more the wondrous beauty of that sweet face grows upon me.

It is right and fitting she should be christened May; the broad, thoughtful forehead, the serene eyes, like the waters of lakes, filled with the sunshine of summer morns—the mouth, like twin scarlet berries, and the clustering locks full of yellow lights and brown shadows, all make a picture which shall gladden many eyes, and rejoice many hearts with its beauty. She has gathered up the doll closely to her, while the other hand reaches out after the tastefully fashioned wardrobe, which fills the box in the centre of the table. There are morning robes, and night dresses, and cloaks and shawls and shoes—a small velvet hat, and plume and ribbons and laces—just like those which human dolls delight to wear; and around the box are clustered a great variety of toys and gifts, which loving hands have heaped there, while the child slept through the night's still watches.

You see them all, little reader: the lava basket, mounted with white grapes and beautiful flowers—and beyond this the Bible, with its crimson velvet covers, and all the beautiful crowd of gifts, whose shining faces bring to May Deming her "Happy New Year." You see, too, what those blue eyes cannot behold—the silver wings of the angel, as they pause a moment in their upward flight, while the guardian spirit looks down with loving tenderness upon the child!

And May Deming pauses too, and a sweet solemnity creeps like a summer mist into those blue eyes; for the angel has dropped a thought in her heart—a thought of Him who has sent her this morning of sunshine, and the gifts that crown it! And as the hands of the unseen angel point upward to God, so goes upward the heart of the child, May Deming, in that unwhispered prayer: "Oh God, I thank thee for all—for the Happy New Year, and for the gifts thou hast sent me with it!"

And this picture shall come to many homes, with the going out of the old year—it shall lie on marble tables, in luxurious parlors—it shall be passed eagerly around the circle, which shall gather in winter nights by old-fashioned hearth-stones in country homes; the storm shall be abroad in its anguish and wrath—the earth shall be rolled up in garments of snow, as the dead beneath it are rolled in shrouds, but the serene face of the angel, as its

white hands point upward to the "Living God," and the beautiful thoughtful face of the child beneath it, shall speak its poem of beauty and its lesson of praise to the hearts who listen and hear it!

Elsie James's Birthday Party.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

"Laura, Laura, wait a moment," called my younger sister Jeanette, as she came running down the lane, as fast as her little feet could carry her; "Elsie James has a birthday party to-morrow, and wants us both to come; oh, ain't you glad! They are going to have tea out in the grove, and a nice walk down to the woods, and Elsie's brother has put up a strong swing on the maple by the brook; I'm so happy!" and she clapped her hands, and danced around me, in the exuberance of her joy.

"Why, you don't look pleased a bit!" said she at last, quieting down, and gazing into my eyes, full of unshed tears, "don't you want to go?"

"Yes, Jennie, but I have no shoes. Oh dear! that is too bad!" and I sunk down on the ground, and laid my cheek on the soft grass, and sobbed aloud, for I was a child, with but a child's strength to bear sorrow.

"Can't you go barefoot, Laura? I don't believe the girls would laugh at you!"

"No, no; I had rather stay at home, than have all the rest with white stockings and pretty morocco shoes. Jane Webb came clear out to the road the other day, when I was going by, to show me her new ones; and it made me feel ashamed, when she looked down to my bare feet, and said her father told her she might wear shoes and stockings now all the time. Just think of that, Jennie—nice morocco shoes and white stockings every day!"

"Well, she is not half as pretty as Tiny Darling, who comes to Sunday-school barefoot. Her teacher kisses her every Sunday, and one real cold rainy day she warmed her handkerchief—it was all worked off too—and wound it around her feet: they were as red as that bird's—look, Laura, up on that branch. Don't you wish you was a little bird, and then you would not need shoes? I'll tell you what I will do; when father comes in to dinner, I will ask him to get you a pair; I know he will go over to the store this afternoon."

"Don't, sister, for father felt real bad last night. I heard him tell mother it took every dollar he had, to make out the last payment on the farm, and he did not know what he should do to get flour to live on, till he could raise wheat. I believe he almost cried, for he held his handkerchief up to his face, and mother put her arms around his neck, and said she was sorry he was so down-hearted, she did not believe they would go hungry; and now the farm was paid for, they should soon have everything they needed. But, Jennie, why didn't I think before? I will go up to the house, and hunt up the shoes I wore last winter; I guess, if I black them up nicely, they will do; but don't say a word to mother."

"No, I went, Laura. Do you think you can find them?"

"I guess so; up in the garret," I replied, starting off, and going down to the brook to bathe my eyes—then turning back for the house.

After a long search in boxes and barrels, we found the shoes; but my feet, released from bondage, had either grown so much, or spread out of shape, that it was an utter impossibility to draw them on.

Jennie and I both cried this time at the disappointment; but childhood's grief, though violent, is not lasting, and we soon wiped our eyes, and sought our older sister for counsel. After much sympathy, expressed by words and kisses, she thought of an old pair of hers that were very tight, and which she believed I could wear, by sewing on tape, to tie around my ankles. Sister brought them from the closet; and, though they were an inch too long, and half an inch too broad, we all thought they would do; and sorrow thus being removed, I could laugh and talk with Jennie about the party.

On Elsie's birthday, mother washed the dinner dishes, so sister could comb and curl our hair nicely; and, when she had finished that, she told us to sit still, while she put on our shoes and stockings. Our eyes danced with delight, as sister opened the closet door, and held up before us, not the dark chintz dresses we had worn so long, but some bright pink ones, made out of one of hers, with low necks and short sleeves, trimmed with narrow lace. After fastening our cape-bonnets, she handed us her parasol, and gave us each a kiss, and we started off, happy as birds.

It was a pretty picture, as we came in sight of Mrs. James's house. Little girls were sitting about under the porch and shady maples, and a great playhouse, made of green boughs, brought from the woods, filled up one corner of the yard; and through the open door I could see rows of shelves, glistening with broken bits of glass and china dishes, and a little kitten was sleeping on a bench by the side of it. In a grove, on a hill back of the house, Betsy, Mrs. James's hired girl, was laying the cloths, and carrying out chairs, to have everything in readiness for an early tea. We had the nicest time that could be! The dining room was given up to us, and we played "puss in the corner," and "button," and then we went out into the yard, and had a game of hide and seek, and ring-a-round-a-rosy; and, when that was through, we were glad to sit down and rest, and hear Laura Steele sing the "Sweet Prairie Flower," and "Nelly was a Lady;" and, just here, Betsy rang the bell for tea.

Mrs. James came out on to the porch, and told each two of us to clasp hands, and then she led the way, and we all marched out to the table, and sat down to the grandest meal we ever had in our lives. There were strawberries and cream, and little biscuits spread with butter yellow as gold, and tarts no larger than a silver dollar, and cookies shaped like a leaf, and such beautiful honey! it was as white as snow, and cut round to the shape of the

plate, and set on a mat of roses and green leaves. Jennie could hardly keep still enough to eat, she was so delighted, and kept whispering about things, until I was afraid Mrs. James would not like it—but she looked as pleased as could be—and once, when she came around to help us to more strawberries, she stooped down and kissed Jennie's cheek. After we had eaten all we wished, we went back to the house, and put on our bonnets, and started in search of the swing. Two could swing and two push at a time, and the rest of us stood around and talked and laughed, until our own turns came. Only four more were to swing, before it was my turn; and I reached up to hang up my bonnet, to be ready, when Jane Webb spoke up abruptly, and inquired why we didn't get blue dresses, instead of pink—blue was so fashionable this spring!

I grew very red in the face, for I knew she had seen sister wear the dress—but I merely replied, that I liked pink better than blue, and then began talking to another playmate, to avoid more questioning. Jane would not be turned off so, and she asked one, and another, where they got their shoes? and then looked down at my feet, and asked me where I got mine? Then glanced up to Nina Gerald, and burst into a loud laugh.

I shut my lips till they hurt me, and turned away to hide the tears, and went off on to some rocks alone. The wound from a knife could not have hurt me more—for, amid all the pleasure of the afternoon, had been an almost undefined fear of some spoken or unspoken notice of my shoes, and I was so sensitive to ridicule—and to have that taunting laugh echoed back by Nina, seemed keener than any words. I picked some mosses and little flowers, and choked down the indignant sobs, and, after awhile, went back to the swing; but, there was no more enjoyment for me that afternoon, and I was glad when I could say "good night" to my little playmates, and take sister's hand, and turn down the grassy lane that led to my own home.

Jennie was overflowing with joy, and I kept my own troubles till my oldest sister, taking me into her room, and seating me on her knee, and looking down deep into my eyes, questioned—"What troubles little Laura?" I told her all, amid tears and sobs, that came like the waters of a pent-up torrent. She talked so kindly and pleasantly. Her words came to my tired, heated mind, like cool, spring water to the fevered brow, and when she at last closed by humming a sweet melody about Jesus, who when on earth had not where to lay His head, my eyes closed, and I knew no more, till the bright sunbeams of morning stole in through my bedroom window, and awoke me.

There were many birthday parties after that, yet I never went; the memory of the one I attended was too sad, and it still lays in my mind, like the haunting remembrance of an unkind word to a loved one, who sleeps in the dark, cold grave, where the words—"Forgive me!" cannot reach.

BEREA, OHIO.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

SNOW CAKES.—The use of snow as a substitute for yeast, or other leavening substances, is not new, though it is not known to all how to use it. The following recipe is vouched for, by one who knows, as a good one. Try it. "Put corn meal into a good-sized wood or other bowl, with sugar and salt to the taste; then add twice or three times its bulk of snow, and stir it together with a spoon. When well mixed, it appears like so much dry meal or snow. Fry a little on a hot griddle; if it cooks too dry to turn well, add more snow; if too wet to be light, add more meal; when just right, fry on the griddle, in convenient sized cakes, and they will be as light as can be desired.

BLOWING OUT A CANDLE.—There is one small fact in domestic economy which is not generally known, but which is useful as saving time, trouble, and temper. If the candle be blown out holding it above you, the wick will not smoulder down, and may therefore be easily lighted again; but if blown upon downward, the contrary is the case.

CIDER CAKE.—One pound of butter, one pound of sugar, four eggs, well beaten together. Dissolve two teaspoonfuls of soda in one pint of cider, and pour it into the previous mixture, and then stir in gradually two pounds of flour. Cloves and mace are the best seasoning. Any fruit can be added, either raisins, currants, or citron. This makes two large loaves. It should be baked three hours with a steady heat.

INDIAN TOAST.—Place two quarts of milk over the fire. When it boils, add a spoonful of flour to thicken, a teaspoonful of salt, a small lump of butter, two table-spoonfuls of sugar; have ready in a deep dish, six or eight slices of light Indian bread toasted. Pour the mixture over them, and serve hot.

BOILED INDIAN MEAL PUDDING.—Take one quart of buttermilk, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, add meal enough to make a thick batter, tie it tightly in a bag, drop it in a kettle of boiling water, and let it boil one hour. Eat it with sauce to suit the taste.

BALLOON PUDDING.—To one square baking tin, use four eggs and three table-spoonfuls of flour, well beaten together; a little salt; then fill up with sweet milk. Bake fifteen minutes in a quick oven. Serve with sweetened cream or any sauce you choose. It can be made with three eggs and four spoonfuls of flour.

HOW TO BAKE SQUASH.—To bake squash well it needs a long continuation of gentle heat—enough to cook it done, and also dry it considerably. Unlike the potato, it is not best cooked as quickly as possible, and eaten as soon as done—but is far better baked slow—the heat evaporating much of its juices, and leaving all its sugary sweets just right to tempt the palate.

"We are, now-a-days, luxuriating on baked squash," says a correspondent of the *Rural American*, "and give bread, and even cake, the 'go by,' when we have a good supply of baked Hubbard slices. Cut them thin—bake and dry them until thoroughly done, and see if you do not corroborate my testimony."

DIFFERENT KINDS OF BREAD.—Rice flour added to wheat flour enables it to take up an increased quantity of water. Boiled and mashed potatoes mixed with the dough cause the bread to retain moisture, and prevent it from drying and crumbling. Rye makes a dark-colored bread, and is capable of being fermented and raised in the same manner as wheat. It retains its freshness and moisture longer than wheat. An admixture of rye-flour with that of wheat decidedly improves the latter in this respect. Indian corn bread is much used in this country. Mixed with wheat and rye, a dough is produced capable of fermentation, but pure maize meal cannot be fermented so as to form a light bread. Its gluten lacks the tenacious quality necessary to produce the regular cell-structure. It is most commonly used in the form of cakes, made to a certain degree light by eggs, or sour milk, and saleratus, and is generally eaten warm. Indian corn is ground into meal of various degrees of coarseness, but is never made so fine as wheat flour. Bread or cakes from maize require a considerably longer time to be acted upon by heat in the baking process than wheat or rye. If ground wheat be unbolted, that is, if its bran be not separated, wheat meal or Graham flour results, from which Graham or dyspepsia bread is produced. It is made in the same general way as other wheat bread, but requires a little peculiar management. Upon this point, Mr. GRAHAM remarks: "The wheat meal, and especially if it is ground coarsely, swells considerably in the dough, and therefore the dough should not at first be made quite so stiff as that made of superfine flour; and when it is raised, if it is found too soft to mould well, a little more meal may be added." It should be remarked that dough made of wheat meal will take on the acetous fermentation, or become sour sooner than that made of fine flour. It requires a hotter oven, and to be baked longer.

TOILETTE AND WORK TABLE.

DINNER DRESS.

Of plain silk, with a broad bias fold of striped silk, ground color, same as dress, on the bottom, and a second narrow fold above. Wide sleeves, with narrow trimmings, same as skirt. Full, plain undersleeves, and collar to match. The style is neat and elegant.

EVENING, OR PARTY DRESS.

A robe of thin material, color to suit, flounced. Pointed waist, trimmed with Grecian folds. Our fashion artist shows, in this figure, a compression of waist, not only destructive of beauty in form, but also destructive of health. All attempts to improve that most wonderfully symmetrical of all forms, the human, result in a loss of both health and beauty. Waist compressions are among the worst of these attempts.

CORAL SHELL STAND FOR CHIMNEY-PIECE ORNAMENT.

We have the pleasure of giving an entirely new and ornamental article, in artificial coral work, which will be found a very pretty application of this art. In commencing a pair of stands of this description, the artistic taste of the worker must necessarily be exercised, as, where the absence of regularity and uniformity is a merit, instead of a defect, it is difficult to give instruction to produce an effect which taste and skill alone can bestow. The great point to attain is to endeavor to imitate the branching of the real coral as closely as possible, which it is easy to do by the following means, aided by observation of the original production: A piece of strong wire must be first taken and twisted into the form of a branch of coral, by making several loops in the wire and returning to the central stem. These must not be formal or regular either in distance or length. After the wire is twisted in this manner, every part must be covered with a soft cotton twisted round it. Four or five of these strong branches must be prepared and united together with another wire, about three inches from the ends. These ends form the stand at the bottom, and must be spread out so as to allow it to stand firm and secure. The upper part must also be now arranged in accordance with the form of the shell which is destined to be placed upon it. The shape must be finally formed at this part of the work, before the process of covering it with wax is commenced. When it is all skillfully arranged, to form a proper and artistic shape, short lengths of cotton cord must be tied on to every part, at irregular distances, and cut off, leaving the two ends about half an inch long; these are very useful in giving the branched appearance beyond what the wire can do. These ends must be slightly opened by untwisting the cord. It now remains to

conceal all this rough framework, and to transform it into a close resemblance to real coral, by having some white wax melted, and colored with Chinese vermilion, and with an iron spoon pouring it over every portion of the frame. This part of the work requires a little patience and care, as it must be gone over and over again, and must be turned and twisted in every direction while the wax is being poured upon it, so that it may all be covered equally, and no imperfections allowed to appear. In coloring the wax it should be made to resemble exactly the natural color of real coral. In selecting the shells which these stands are intended to support, we must just mention that the shape and brilliant appearance of the well polished nautilus, is one which contrasts beautifully with the color of the coral. We think when this article of work is seen completed, it will give great satisfaction, and take its place among many much more costly chimney-piece ornaments, without disgracing its companions. If covered with a glass shade, the effect is much improved. A well-arranged group of various sorts of sea-weed, forms a most appropriate filling in of these shells, and completes the beauty of their effect; but if this is not easy attainable, some of those delicate paper flowers which are now being made with very great taste and delicacy, have an elegant appearance, contrasting admirably with the red coral and the pearly shells. If the nautilus shell should not be the one selected, we may just suggest that a heavy kind should be avoided, or else that the wire frame-work of the stand must be proportionately strong.

WINTER OVER-BOOTS.

Materials.—Three-quarters of a pound of six thread black fleecy; bone crochet hook; pair of coarse knitting needles, and a mesh, one inch wide; also, a pair of cork soles, and a strip of leather to bind them.

We give the directions for a rather small foot. By making the foundation chain two or four stitches longer, and adding two or three ribs in the length, and round the ankle, it can be increased at pleasure. 14 ch. miss 1, sc. on the others. Work backwards and forwards in ribbed crochet, doing three in the centre-stitch of every alternate row, and making a chain at the end of each row, to turn it, until five ribs are done. Then, in addition to the increase at the centre, which is only in the alternate rows, do two stitches in the last stitch of every row, for three ribs more. Now do five stitches in the centre line of every alternate row, still increasing at the end of every row, for five ribs. Do one more rib, with three only in the centre stitch. Work the plain row after this; and when you

come again to the centre, begin to form the ankle, thus: 4 ch., turn, work on the chain and down the side. Then up again, to the extremity of the chain; 3 ch., turn, and work down. Then back, and at the end of the next row make six, seven, or eight chain, according to the height desired round the ankle. Now do plain ribs, without increase or decrease, until enough is done for round the ankle—say from eighteen to twenty-two ribs; now miss the last five stitches at the upper part of the next rib; then two, then three. Work round the opening in front in sc.

and backwards and forwards three times, to make a piece on which to set buttons.

FOR THE FUR.—Cast on ten stitches, and do, in plain knitting, enough to go round the ankle easily; then work a fur on it. Sew it on at the top of the boot.

FOR THE SOLE.—Cut out a paper sole from a common boot, allowing it to be slightly larger every way, and knit a piece in garter-stitch to match it. Then sew the boot to it; bind the cork soles with a strip of leather, and add them; also put buttons and loops to fasten the front.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HOME BALLADS. By J. G. Whittier. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

A collection of poems, most of which have already appeared in our periodicals, but which the lovers of true poetry will be glad to have in a single volume. Whittier's rank among the children of song is too well established to need more than a passing announcement of this new book. It will find its way into thousands of American homes, and bear with it to minds striving for higher things in our humanity, strength and inspiration. We copy one of the choicest poems.

THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS.

Tritemius of Herbipolis, one day,
While kneeling at the altar's foot to pray,
Alone with God, as was his pious choice,
Heard from without a miserable voice;
A sound which seemed of all sad things to tell,
As of a lost soul crying out of hell.

Thereat the Abbot paused; the chain whereby
His thoughts went upward, broken by that cry
And, looking from the casement, saw below
A wretched woman, with gray hair a-flow,
And withered hands held up to him, who cried
For alms, as one who might not be denied.

She cried, "For the dear love of him who gave
His life for ours, my child from bondage save—
My beautiful, brave first-born, chained with slaves
In the Moor's galleys, where the sun-smit waves
Lap the white walls of Tunis!"—"What I can
I give," Tritemius said; "My prayers."—"O man
Of God!" she cried, for grief had made her bold,
"Mock me not thus; I ask not prayers, but gold.
Words will not serve me, alms alone suffice;
Even while I speak, perchance my first-born dies."

"Woman!" Tritemius answered, "from our door
None go unfed; hence we are always poor:
A single soldo is our only store.
Thou hast our prayers; what can we give thee more?"

"Give me," she said, "the silver candlesticks
On either side of the great crucifix;
God well may spare them, on his errands sped,
Or he can give you golden ones instead."

Then spake Tritemius, "Even as thy word,
Woman, so be it! (Our most gracious Lord,
Who loveth mercy more than sacrifice,
Pardon me, if a human soul I prize,
Above the gifts upon this altar piled!)
Take what thou askest, and redeem thy child."

But his hand trembled, as the holy alms
He placed within the beggar's eager palms;
And as she vanished down the linden shade,
He bowed his head, and for forgiveness prayed.

So the day passed, and, when the twilight came,
He woke to find the chapel all a-flame,
And, dumb with grateful wonder, to behold
Upon the altar candlesticks of gold!

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN A. QUITMAN, Major-General U. S. A., and Governor of the State of Mississippi. By J. F. H. Claiborne. New York: Harper & Brothers.

John A. Quitman was born at Rhinebeck, in the State of New York, in the year 1798. His first pursuit in life was that of a tutor, in his native State. In 1818 he came to Philadelphia, and was engaged as a professor in Mount Airy College. In the following year he went to Ohio, where he practiced law until 1821, when he again removed, and this time fixed himself permanently in Mississippi. The work is in two handsome volumes, accompanied with a portrait, and is made up principally of his letters, thus taking the essential nature of an autobiography. General Quitman was not a brilliant man, nor a rhetorician; but he was an earnest, resolute man, with integrity and boldness of character. His death in 1858, in his fifty-ninth year, was deeply regretted by all who knew him, or valued his eminent public service. He was one of the victims of that mysterious poisoning at the National Hotel in Washington City.

THE UNION TEXT BOOK. Philadelphia: G. G. Evans.

This timely volume contains selections from the writings of Daniel Webster, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and Washington's Farewell Address. "In making

the selections from the writings of Mr. Webster," says the compiler of the book, "great care has been taken to select such parts as may be considered national, and which will tend to strengthen the opinions of the old, and to impress the young with a love of country, a respect for the memory of the great and good men who founded our republic, and who have passed away—a fervent attachment to the Union, to liberty, to peace, to order and to law."

THE ODES OF HORACE: Translated into English Verse, with a Life and Notes. By Theodore Martin. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The lovers of classic poetry will be glad to receive this fine translation of the Odes of Horace, enshrined in the publisher's delicate blue and gold. It is a right worthy addition to their far-famed series.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JANE FAIRFIELD; Embracing a few Select Poems. By Sumner Lincoln Fairfield. Boston: Basin & Ellsworth.

The sad history of a life, in which trial, pain, care, and intense mental suffering, seem to have been almost daily companions. Few gleams of light fall over the pages, and we close the book, feeling more than ever satisfied that only in the uses and duties of home can a woman ever find a woman's true happiness. The lesson of the book is painfully significant.

THE FLORENCE STORIES. By Jacob Abbott. Excursion to the Orkney Islands. New York: Sheldon & Co.

Mr. Abbott never fails to interest and instruct his young readers. Every new volume he sends out is a welcome and useful addition to our stock of juvenile books.

THE GREATEST PLAGUE IN LOVE; or the Adventures of a Lady in Search of a Good Servant. By a Lady who has been almost "Worried to Death." Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

A cheap reprint of a capital English book, and one in which lady housekeepers, who are almost "worried to death" by servants, will find an hour or two of pleasant reading. If laughing over peculiar misfortunes is any cure for them, there is an antidote in this story for a large class of people who are in trouble.

THE GREAT PREPARATION; or Redemption Draweth Nigh. By Rev. John Cumming, D. D. First Series. New York: Rudd & Carleton.

Dr. Cumming sees in the great events of the day literal fulfillments of prophecy; and in existing governments, the foreshadowed nationalities of the Word in its simple letter. But there are deeper significations underlying the sense of the Bible, in the passages he quotes, than have yet revealed themselves to the penetration of those who hold their thoughts in the common verbal meanings and external interpretation of texts.

THE FOUR GEORGES. Sketches of Manners, Morals, Court and Town Life. By W. M. Thackeray. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The pictures of kingly character given in this

volume, are any thing but flattering to human nature. We cannot look at them with pleasure, disgust is the predominating sentiment. It were better, it seems to us, that the follies, foibles, crimes, and sensualities of these royal personages should rest in the grave of the past. Why exhume them now?

FRED. LAWRENCE, or The World College. By Margaret E. Teller. New York: M. W. Dodd.

The author of this excellent book for young people, has shown, in her story, that the world's teaching and discipline can lead to a high development of the mind, even where few early advantages exist. The closing sentence in the little volume, should be imprinted on the mind of every young person:—"All the assistance which institutions of learning can afford, and which, when bestowed upon us cannot be too highly valued, are, at best, but a small part of the whole discipline of life. It is a grand system of instruction, which our Heavenly Father has appointed in this world. If we are but disposed to profit by all our opportunities, we shall find that not only the truths of material creation, but all the events and orderings of our social lives, every friendship, every duty, every trial and disappointment will minister toward the perfection for which God has destined us. The whole world is a school, in which not only mind, but heart and soul are to be developed, our lives are the term of instruction, and we graduate when our earthly education is complete, and we are fitted for a higher state of being, a wider sphere, and a larger activity."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Moral History of Women. From the French of Ernest Legouvé. Translated by J. W. Palmer, M. D. New York: Rudd & Carleton.

The Three Cousins. By James Maitland; author of "The Watchman," "The Wanderer," "Sartaroe," &c. Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Harry Coverdale's Courtship and Marriage. By Frank E. Smedley; author of "Frank Farleigh," "Lewis Arundel," &c. &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The Nobleman's Daughter. By the Honorable Mrs. Norton. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Wa-wa-wanda. A Legend of Old Orange. New York: Rudd & Carleton.

Wheat and Tares. Harper & Brothers.

Eva Harrington, or He would be a Gentleman. By George Meredith. New York: Harper & Brothers.

MUSIC.—We have received "Poor Ben, the Piper," a ballad, written and composed by J. Starr Holloway. It is not for sale at the music stores, but will be furnished by the author through the mail, postage free, on receipt of 25 cents in Post-office stamps. Address J. STARR HOLLOWAY, Phila.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

"AS THY DAY IS, SO SHALL THY STRENGTH BE!"

What a strong and blessed anchor are these words to the human heart, when the winds arise and the rains beat upon it, and how many are there whose lives can echo the sweet promise which hangs its shining light over all the darkness and sorrow of this world: "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be!"

There are times when it is very hard to believe this! We look forward to some terrible calamity; it may be death—it may be that which is worse, change in those we love—it may be sickness, misfortune, wrong, any of that great array of evils, which always lie in wait on the path that leads

"From the cradle to the tomb,"

and the soul shrinks back and quivers with anguish; and yet the pain and the rending is appointed her; and the bleeding feet may not turn aside and the cross be borne; and lo! in the day of weakness strength comes, and an unseen hand leads us through the darkness!

Oh, mother! who covered up your first born, not with warm dainty blankets, but with damp clods of earth, and torn grasses that healed themselves in the sunshine and dews of spring—you remember how you felt when the death angel came first, and stood by the crib or the cradle where lay the little figure for whose life you would gladly have laid down your own.

And you thought of the past—of the little golden, curling head, glancing about the nursery—of the small, restless feet, pattering up and down the floor—of the broken words, the sudden laughter trilling up and down, the scattered playthings, the little shoes, forever getting untied, or the rosy fingers hurt, and knowing no healing but a kiss; and of all the love, and sweet care, and vexation, and disorder, which that little figure had made—and then, oh mother! you looked forward to the future, and saw the silent, darkened room—no little head mounted with curls—the playthings all put away—the crimson dresses folded up in the drawers, just as the little hands were folded up and laid away, down deep in that other drawer, which the winter had locked with her keys of ice, and your sinking, anguished heart rose up in a great, wild cry of agony and despair, "Oh God, I cannot give him up!"

But the death angel was there, and he touched your idol, and you knew that he was with God; and after the great wave had gone over you, the calm and the submission came, and you found that "As your day is, so shall your strength be!"

And you, oh! tender and loving wife, who saw that other life of yours laid suddenly low in the prime of its years and the strength of its manhood—

the arm palsied on which your weakness had leaned—the strong, brave heart, which had wrapped you in its tenderness, cold and silent—you, whose soul rose up and cried out to God from that valley of exceeding anguish, "I cannot bear it!"—you too found, after the sweet balsam of God's love had healed the aching of that wound, that "As your day was, so was your strength!"

And they whose hearts are crowned with white blossoms—they whose lives have been full of pain and conflict, of bereavement and disappointment, of sorrows which have bleached their hopes, as the winter bleaches the glory of the autumn—they whose shoulders have borne crosses, and whose foreheads have worn crowns of thorns through all their years, have found that the God who ordained the suffering gave also the strength to bear it.

Dear reader! Look not forward to your future with doubt, and fear, and dismay! Whatsoever dark shapes seem looming out of it, be brave, courageous, strong! God will take care of you! He will send no evil so heavy that you cannot bear it, no hour so dark that the soft hands of his angels cannot guide you through it.

Leave all care, and dread, and foreboding, with Him who will "make a way to escape," and be this your palm branch of peace, carried joyful and triumphant through the journey of your years.

"As thy day is, so shall thy strength be!"

V. F. T.

"JANUARY."

The death month and the birth month have met together once more! The bells have rung, the snow has woven, as no monarch's robe is woven, the white christening robe, and at the baptismal font we welcome and christen the year, "*Eighteen hundred and sixty-one!*"

Oh year, be thy hands full of bounty, thy path full of blessing!

Bright be thy sunshine, and sweet the fall of thy dews!

Joyful be thy days, and peaceful be thy nights!

Pleasant be thy spring, and gracious thy summer, and fruitful thine autumn!

Let thy face smile upon us, oh year, and bring us good tidings with thy lips, and good gifts with thy hands!

And yet, oh year just born and christened, thou hast no power in thyself; thou art God's gift, and thou wilt be to each and all of us, *just what our hearts and our lives shall make of thee!* V. F. T.

FIRST BABIES.

The editor of the Springfield Republican thus discourses on the subject of the trials and afflictions of a first baby. It is worthy of remembrance by all young fathers and mothers; and so we give it a

place on our pages, for the sake of helpless, innocent babyhood:

"A somewhat extended observation, and a solitary experience, have convinced us that first babies have a hard time. Parents must have two or three children before they know what a baby is, know how to treat it, and acquire patience to treat it properly. The poor little fellows that have the misfortune to come along first, have to educate parents to their tasks, and in the process, they get spanked and abused. After a man has three or four children, he learns that whipping a child less than two years of age is barbarism. We know one 'paternal head' who struck his first child when only six weeks old, the ass actually believing that the child knew better than to cry, and that he stopped crying at that particular time because he struck him. We carry certain notions of children and of family government into married life, and the first child is always the victim of these notions. And not alone of these, for the parents have not learned self-control, and a baby is whipped quite as often because the parent is impatient or angry, as because it is vicious or intractable. We inflict on our first children the floggings we ought to have for our impatience or fretfulness. This pounding children before they become, in God's eye, morally responsible beings, is very strange business. Patience, good people—unwearying patience!—Do n't wait to learn it until one of your little ones shall be hidden under the daisies!"

A BEAUTIFUL POEM.

Florence Percy is the author of the following tender and beautiful poem, to which thousands of hearts will respond. It is one of the sweetest and most touching in the language. We do not know where it first appeared, or we would credit the source.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

Backward, turn backward, oh Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore—
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair—
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, oh, tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears—
Toil without recompense—tears all in vain—
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away—
Weary of sowing for others to reap—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, oh, mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between—
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again!—
Come from the silence, so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone—
No other worship abides and endures
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours—

None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain;
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old—
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light—
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more,
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore.
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother! the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song—
Sing then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream;
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep,
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

"THE LESSON ON THE FLAGEOLET."

This charming picture is one of the most pleasing examples of M. Frere's "Scenes of Humble Life."

The little flageolet player, perched on a high chair, his feet resting on the middle bar, is a perfect study of an enthusiast, wholly engrossed with one gift, one sense. His downward gaze is riveted to the venticles of the little instrument, which, with protruding mouth, slightly distended cheeks, uplifted finger, instinct with life and feeling, he is making "discourse most eloquent music." His younger brother, who, with hat thrown carelessly off, and hands crossed behind his back, leans against the wall, and looks and listens in wonderment and delight, is a no less admirable figure in its way, and at once gives a dramatic character to the scene.

M. Frere is a French artist of great merit. He was a pupil of Paul Delaroche.

GO AND DO LIKEWISE.

Idleness is certain to bring discontent. It breeds noxious vapors in the mind, as surely as stagnant waters exhale poisonous miasmas upon the air. Among the well-to-do classes in our country, unhappy faced women are becoming of more and more frequent occurrence, the simple consequences of emancipation from care and work. If each would follow the examples set for her sisterhood by the young woman mentioned in the following paragraphs, they would have brighter countenances for their families, and sunnier states for themselves:

"A young lady in England, (Miss Carbutt,) though well off pecuniarily, feels that she must do something, and that she has no right to lead a useless life. She has a great taste for teaching, as well as the talent for imparting knowledge, and she takes these indications of nature as suggestions of duty. She has, therefore, opened a school, and conducts it with as much interest and faithfulness, as if her standing in society and her means of support depended on her success in teaching.

"An aged Quaker lady once said to us, that 'the ornaments of the gay world would comfortably clothe the poor;' and we remark, that the unemployed and wasted talent, time, and knowledge of the idle rich would, if properly applied, educate every poor and ignorant person in any country; and these same unoccupied rich people would find it a new and eminent source of happiness to themselves. The want of something to do, and the consciousness of not being useful, have robbed many thousands of happiness, who had all its conditions within their reach. To all then, we say, do something! be useful! Imitate our great, munificent Father, whose very being, like the sun in the heavens, is poured out in ceaseless and limitless profusion of good. Nor does he stop to find the clean, the educated, the rich, the happy, the respectable—but in His boundless mercy bests the neglected, the lowly, and the vicious, to raise them up and to do them good."

ONLY THE GOOD AND THE TRUE ABIDE.

Those who have truth and right on their side, who are conscious of acting from a principle of justice and integrity, can afford to wait patiently until the false judgments that interest, prejudice, or vanity create to their injury, have passed, as all noxious vapors pass, under the clear rays of that sun whose benignant face they seek to hide. Only what is based on truth and right has anything of permanence. A reputation built on any other foundation, no matter how imposing it may be for a time, has in it no abiding element. Pretence is a gilded ball, from which the glitter soon wears away—a house built on the sand, and destined to sure destruction—a mere cloud in the heavens, that must dissolve in the sun of truth. Be not discouraged or impatient, ye who are laboring with a seeming lack of appreciation in good works, nor ye who have your good deeds accounted by evil men as evil, because there is in them a power that works adversely to their selfish ends. Your reward is sure; it comes to you daily, in a sweet consciousness of right living; it will come to you in the after-time, when every man's work is tested, and only what is good abides. Be patient, good and true men, you can afford to wait.

We present our readers in this number with two steel engravings of great beauty, as well in subject as in execution. "May's Happy New Year," and "The Morning Bath," each possessing its own peculiar interest. Every mother's heart will take them in at a first glance.

CLUBBING WITH OTHER MAGAZINES.—On referring to our terms, it will be seen that for \$3.50 we send the Home Magazine, and either Godey's Lady's Book, The Knickerbocker, or Harper's Magazine, for one year.

"HE KNEW THE SCRIPTURES FROM HIS YOUTH."—Every one who has seen this exquisite engraving has been touched with its tenderness, purity and beauty. It is a picture to hang in the sight of

children. If you want it, mother, father, sister or brother, send us four subscribers at \$1.25 each (see terms), and the picture will be mailed to your address. Get three friends or neighbors to join you in this small club, and for the trifling sum of \$1.25 you will receive the Home Magazine for a year and this sweet picture into the bargain.

Postage on Premiums.—In ordering premiums, don't forget the three red stamps for cost of mailing and pre-payment of postage on each engraving.

Either of the premium engravings will be sent to subscribers of Home Magazine, on receipt of fifty cents, and three red stamps, for mailing. The publisher's price is \$1.50 each.

"THE KNICKERBOCKER."

This time-honored magazine, the pages of which have borne to American readers some of the best productions of American genius, has passed into new hands, and will again take high rank among the periodicals of our country, as a pure literary work, and become broader and more national in its character than it has ever been. The best talent is being secured, and we look to see more than its old brilliancy and strength restored. The new publisher is J. R. Gilmore, New York. His advertisement will be found in another place. We furnish the Home Magazine and Knickerbocker for \$3.50 a year.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

Just as we were closing this, the last page of our opening number for the New Year, we got a glimpse of the Lady's Book for January, 1861. Mr. Godey has surpassed himself. Nothing equal to it, in luxuriance and variety of illustration, has yet appeared. We furnish the Home Magazine and Lady's Book for \$3.50 a year.

1861.

Our January number will be found replete with articles of substantial interest, which we offer as a foretaste of the good things in store for our readers in 1861. To elevate, to improve, to stimulate the mind, and warm the heart with virtuous feelings, will be our highest aim; and, in doing this, we shall use the power that resides in skillfully composed histories of the inner and outer lives of the real men and women who move around us, who enjoy and suffer, fall and rise, fail and triumph in life's battles. We shall strive to interest deeply, at all times; to let live minds come in contact with our readers. There will be no mere fine writing in our magazine, nor the dead level of literary conceit, nor the stilted displays of a vain empiricism in letters—but the truthful speaking of heart to heart, for the heart's strength, comfort, and delight. Such we have ever sought to make the Home Magazine, and such we shall further seek to make it in a more eminent degree.

FEBRUARY,

1861.



HOME

ARTHURS

MAGAZINE

EDITED BY

T. S. ARTHUR & VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND

VOL. XVII.

No. 2.

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ENGRAVED BY A. S. WALLIS.

FRIENDS IN ADVERSITY.

For Arthur's Home Magazine.



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FRIENDS IN ADVERSITY.

For Arthur's Home Magazine.



CHILDREN READING THE BIBLE.



THE IMPATIENT SITTER.



ARTHE SANTACUMI 1891



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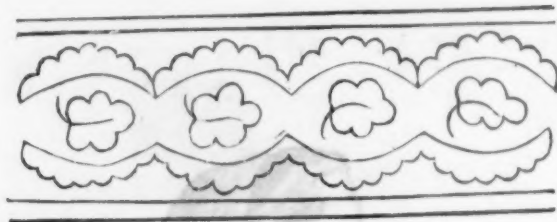


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